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The End of Bi-Partisanship?

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S reassessment of world problems in the light of the hydrogen bomb not only sounded the official knell of the cold war, but outlined the premises for an entirely new approach to Russia. Yet Mr. Gaitskell's speech was far more important. For, where Sir Anthony was content to outline the premises, Mr. Gaitskell drew some conclusions. He castigated the disingenuousness of the West in the disarmament negotiations. He called for a new attempt to settle the German problem. He rejected the doctrine of "imperial fortresses". Most of all, he gave a realistic appraisal of the steps we must take to win the allegiance of the uncommitted peoples.

These are encouraging words. They support the view that, in foreign policy, the Labour leadership has moved far and fast in recent months. They indicate that the recent Labour document on foreign affairs—which, while inadequate in some respects, was a real step forward—represents more than the wishful thinking of the party's more adventurous spirits; that it has, in fact, been accepted by the leadership as a guide to future policy. They do not, however, solve the vital question: has the party finally decided to end bi-partisan foreign policy?

For, if we examine Mr. Gaitskell's speech in detail, we discover many unresolved doubts. He rightly deplored western behaviour in the disarmament negotiations—the ludicrous juggling with "ceilings," the sudden insistence on "political conditions," the refusal to consider conventional disarmament separately. But in this case why did he refuse to debate disarmament when the last sub-committee session ended? Why does he not ask the government to convene a new session—instead of waiting till the autumn? Is he going to allow the Prime Minister to retire gracefully under the smokescreen of his new proposals for nuclear test control? Will he demand the immediate consideration of the Shepilov proposals?

Again, on Germany, Mr. Gaitskell rightly voiced his alarm at the danger of a new Rapallo, and called for a fresh approach. But he then merely asked Sir Anthony to declare his intentions. Why the hesitation? Is the Labour Party afraid to make its views plain, and specify the form the new approach must take? Why the reluctance to use the word "neutralisation"? Is the government always to be allowed to make the running?

Again, when dealing with the Middle East, Mr. Gaitskell was content to ask for clarification. Yet he has already made it plain that he considers some revision of the Baghdad Pact essential; and he has, in theory at least, endorsed the principle of international arms control for the Middle East. Why, then, did he make no reference to the Russian proposal for U.N. control? And why, when Mr. Selwyn Lloyd rejected this proposal outright, did no Labour spokesman rise to announce that this was totally unacceptable?

On some wider issues, too, Mr. Gaitskell sought refuge in muzziness. His analysis of why the West was at a disadvantage in competing with Russia in the East was sound; and he accepts, presumably, the view that Meto and Seato must "wither away". But when? And how? His silence on Tuesday indicates that he is content to postpone any specific proposals until the hypothetical date of Labour's return to power. In Asia, as he rightly pointed out, the tide is flowing against us. We need a blueprint now—and not in three years' time.

Of course, the habits of a decade's bi-partisanship are not shaken off in a day. This week's debate marked a step in the right direction. Mr. Gaitskell has made it plain that his view of the world is a totally different one to that of the government. It is now up to him and his colleagues to translate this difference into terms of a firm and detailed partisan policy; and to express this policy not merely on the floor of the House, but in the division lobbies. For only by committing itself in opposition can Labour hope to overcome the powerful conformist pressures which will be brought to bear when it is again in office.

Comments on the Week's News

Who Will Run?

Despite the attempt of the Republican high command to pretend that all is well, it is still uncertain whether their ticket this autumn will be Eisenhower and Nixon. The President's health is clearly far from good, and his overheard comment—"I can keep going on"—simply underlined his infirm appearance in Panama. This one remark destroyed the carefully fostered pretence that he is fitter than ever, and it came at a time when his illness had already started a perceptible swing of opinion away from him. It is, no doubt, to counter the expected Democratic campaign slogan, "A vote for Eisenhower is a vote for Nixon," that Mr. Harold Stassen has proposed that Christian Herter, the governor of Massachusetts, should replace Nixon. It is still impossible to say whether Mr. Stassen is speaking for himself, or whether, as an official aide to the President, he is flying a kite for an anti-Nixon group within the Administration. The President's ill-health also raises another intriguing question. Everyone knows that if he should die in office, the Vice-President succeeds him. But what happens if he should die between nomination and inauguration? The Republican Party, according to its rules, can call a new convention or let its national committee select a new candidate, with each member of the committee casting the same number of votes as his state casts at a convention. Though this has never happened, a similar procedure would be followed if the successful candidate died between polling day and the meeting of the electoral college, which formally chooses the next President. Once the college has met and made its choice, death automatically means the accession of the Vice-President, and so on down a list which begins with the Speaker of the House and runs on through the Cabinet in order of precedence.

To Dam or Not to Dam?

The Anglo-American decision not to finance the Aswan Dam must be judged for its politics. True, there are some sound economic reasons for it. There are, for instance, a number of basic defects in the scheme; and some reputable authorities consider that a high dam project may not be the most effective or the most economical way of using the Nile waters. Considerable doubt also exists (and this has certainly weighed heavily with both the Foreign Office and the State Department) about the capacity of the Egyptians to plan their economy so as to implement the later stages of the scheme without continuing and increasing demands for western aid. But these doubts and defects have always been there, and it is only a few months since the State Department was almost begging Colonel Nasser to take the money and not to turn to the east in search of aid. Last week's change of mind—and particularly its curt announcement, timed to coincide with the Brioni talks—was a calculated political act. It was the first development of Middle East policy since the recent personal changes in the Middle-eastern section of the State Department. These have been interpreted as meaning that U.S. Middle East policy is moving much more closely into accord with the British concept of the "northern tier". Last week's outright rebuff to Nasser provides some confirmation of this view. Nevertheless the operation of "cutting Nasser down to size" must remain, even with full Anglo-American accord, a hazardous one. It is presumably based on the assumption that the Russians are, for reasons of their own, not in a position to exploit the situation effectively against the West. So far, the conflicting interpretations of Mr. Shepilov's week-end comment on the low priority of the Aswan Dam do not entirely clarify the Soviet propaganda line. In the long run, however, it is deeds which will count. Only if the Russians actually deliver the goods, will the new Anglo-American line be proved a failure; and it may be that Mr. Shepilov's double-talk indicates a temporary embarrassment on the part of the Russians about redeeming some of the promises of aid which they have so diplomatically scattered about the world.

As You Were, Comrades!

Last week's Communist Party Congress at Le Havre might have taken place two or even five years ago. The only thing missing was Stalin's portrait. But his spirit was there, as powerfully as in the past. Even the most pessimistic observers were surprised by the atmosphere: unanimous votes, ballots by raised arms, the ominous absence of a single critical remark. Why were the critics of a few weeks ago silent now? The explanation seems to lie in Thorez's control of the party apparatus, above all of the procedure for electing delegates. The critics were silent because they were not there. But even if the congress was not representative, Thorez's victory was real enough. At least for the present, the debate on de-Stalinisation in the French C.P. is over. All this of course, could not have happened without the approval of Moscow. Indeed, its special representative, Mr. Suslov, was very much present, and his panegyric of Thorez made it clear that Moscow is content to leave things as they are. Most French commentators, in fact, have summed the congress up in five words: Thorez was saved by Poznan. For the moment, Moscow feels, the brakes have to be applied to the de-Stalinisation process. It will not be reversed, the present evidence suggests; but, to underline the caution shown in the recent statements by Bulganin and Krushchev, a perhaps temporary reprieve has been granted to Thorez, the most Stalinist leader of them all. This, of course, has come as a shock to Thorez's critics within the party. It is unlikely, however, that he is thinking in terms of a purge. But he will certainly attempt—as in the past—to force some of his more dangerous critics into resignation. By such means he has already eliminated most of the more independent French Communists, who carry on the hopeless struggle from the tiny splinter parties of the independent left. By rights, the de-Stalinisation process should have brought them back into the party; instead, it will end by increasing their numbers.

The Congress has also tolled the knell of the Popular Front. It did, admittedly, pass a long resolution calling for unity of action with the Socialists. But with the Stalinist once more firmly in the saddle, it had an ironic ring. Thorez and Mollet have been racing each other to shut the door on French working-class unity; and, in the event, Maurice Thorez got there first.

NEXT WEEK

The Oder-Neisse Line

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Profile of Jack Hylton

with caricature by VICKY

Adenauer's Last Stand

The text of the West German note to Marshal Bulganin, and Herr Von Brentano's press conference on Monday make it plain that Dr. Adenauer has not moved an inch from his cold war policy of "negotiation from strength." Now that his conscription bill is safely through both houses—though in a vague and incomplete form—he intends to press ahead with his plan for an army of 500,000. More than this, at this week's Nato Council he will firmly oppose any proposals to reduce Allied ground forces, above all in West Germany. He is openly critical both of Admiral Radford's plan for a 800,000 cut in American effectiveness, and of proposed British defence reductions. Indeed, if he is sincere in his view that cuts in conventional forces will increase the danger of a nuclear war, and if Sir Anthony Eden really means what he said to the Commons on Monday, that "defence problems can only be settled in Nato by agreement with all our allies," then any British defence cuts—let alone the abolition of conscription—will be blocked by a permanent German veto. It is unlikely, however, that such an intolerable situation will develop. Indeed, as Dr. Adenauer must now realise, his isolation is almost complete, even at home. The Social Democrats have already adopted an electoral programme which totally repudiates his thesis, and their defence spokesman, Herr Erler, believes that even the S.P.D. plan for an army of 2-300,000 men is now unrealistic. It is a sign of the times that the latest Adenauer *démarche* has been greeted by universal criticism in the German press and by shocked silence in his own party.

The Nigerian Inquiry

In the confused circumstances which have come to light in eastern Nigeria an independent inquiry is obviously in the best interests of everyone concerned. Certainly Dr. Azikiwe should welcome such an inquiry, for he has recently claimed to be determined to clear out corruption from his region. Moreover the allegations which are now being made about his own actions mean that only a commission appointed from outside his own region can fully clear his name. The mistake which Mr. Lennox-Boyd has made is one of timing. The Secretary of State admitted in the Commons that he had conversations with Dr. Azikiwe on this matter eight months ago. An inquiry instituted then would have cleared up the whole matter long before now. This would have avoided the unfortunate impression that the inquiry has been appointed as a result of the accusations made by Mr. Eyo. It would also have avoided the regrettable postponement of the Nigerian Constitutional Conference, which affects all three regions and the Federation. Any suspicion in West Africa that the government is hesitant in fulfilling its pledge to grant self government to those regions which desire it would provoke a tragic and unnecessary crisis. Nevertheless, Dr. Azikiwe would be well advised to co-operate fully with the commission of inquiry and assist it to accomplish its task as speedily as possible. The sooner he proves that he is genuinely determined to root out corruption from every quarter of his administration, no matter where the axe has to fall, the greater will his stature seem.

Labour and Plural Societies

High marks to the Labour Party for the new colonial policy statement *Plural Societies*—an exceptionally well-written and informative document. After describing the nature and history of plural societies in the British colonial empire, the statement enunciates the basic proposition that any satisfactory solution to the problems they raise must be based on the utter destruction "of every vestige of the idea of racial superiority" and on the principle of the common electoral roll: for example, "Europeans and Asians [in East Africa] must be prepared ultimately to accept unqualified African equality as the only permanent basis for democracy." From this it is argued that

(1) ultimately the people of each of the colonial territories have the right to determine which particular form of constitution (perhaps some entirely new form) best suits their own requirements;
(2) the best way of giving the people of each colony the opportunity of deciding what final form of constitution they desire is to provide for the election of representatives, by universal adult suffrage, on the principle of "one person one vote";
(3) it is Britain's responsibility to ensure that this process is fully carried out before British authority is withdrawn.

The last of these three propositions evades some very difficult political questions. Indeed all three are arguable, and it is well that they should be argued. What is beyond argument is that the Labour Party has formulated a very challenging and imaginative approach to a facet of colonial policy which has hitherto been largely neglected.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Painters After the Cult

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: With full-scale congresses of artists and musicians due in the autumn, there is a good deal of public discussion on the arts. It is an echo, still somewhat faint, of the much more substantial debate that has been going on in private ever since the attack on The Cult. For where was worship so fervent or so orthodox to be found as in the *Orgkoms* of the Union of Soviet Composers or the Union of Soviet Artists? The Cult may, indeed, be said to have reached its apotheosis in the exhibition of painting, sculpture and graphic art opened in 1949 under the title "Stalin in Art." Most of the ideas emanating from these committees are now being questioned.

Shostakovich has come out against "outward pathos... vulgar idyllic compositions, pretentiousness" and asserts that the dogmatists in the Secretariat of the Composers' Union have been unduly suspicious of everything marked by an individual reaction to life. He calls for "ceaseless creative searchings" in music, for "courageous innovations and a diversity of individuality."

By far the sharpest attack on the former ruling clique in painting has come from the pen of the critic Kamensky. Discussing the recent rehanging of the Soviet art rooms in the Tretyakov Gallery he labels the official style that has prevailed from the mid-'Thirties up to our days of pseudo-realism; its stylistic origins lie in the naive school of documentary painters of the early days of the Revolution but its later exponents—prominent among them Alexander Gerasimov, Nalbandian, Yefanov and Toidze—were motivated by a "shameful obsequiousness, slavishness and a brazen-faced exploitation of popular taste."

While broadsides like this are being delivered Alexander Gerasimov has quietly relinquished his post as chairman of the *Orgkom* of the Artists' Union. His place has been taken by another elderly painter, Ioganson, who led the group of Soviet painters that visited Venice for the Biennale. The significance of this shift is revealed by Kamensky's article. The views he expounds are quite as critical of formalism as any official writings of the past ten years, though, like Shostakovich, he maintains that the term has been grossly misused to suppress all individual searchings and originality; what he calls for is a return to the "true realistic tradition" of the early 'Thirties of which Pimenov, Deneika and Ioganson himself were exponents, and to the recognition of younger artists like Plastov and Kostetsky who have remained faithful to that tradition, only to be branded as "drab and uninspiring" by Gerasimov and Co. It is, in fact, tempting to see in this "return to the 'Thirties" movement a close parallel with the arguments of the politicians in defence of the state of the party at the time of the 17th Congress. It would be altogether misleading to read into present moves in the art world a return to conditions of a still earlier period when abstract art was exhibited alongside the early strivings of the Socialist Realists.

The question naturally arises: what about public taste? One of the most reliable guides to this has been provided by the observations of the organisers of the French exhibition in the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad. They have noted that the paintings of Renoir arouse general enthusiasm, that there is respectful admiration of the Impressionists, that the works of Matisse and Picasso evoke passionate argument and that for Cézanne there is a total indifference. On the other hand, on days when the exhibition is open only to painters and art students it is the Cézanne room that is most frequented. In this connection it is worth noting that the 50th anniversary of Cézanne's death is being marked by an exhibition of his works to be held in Moscow next autumn.

Today the public is being told that its taste has been spoiled and that neither the sleek showy canvases of the academicians nor the anecdotal "social problem" pictures so popular among magazine readers are art at all. It will be interesting to see how the public will react to this attack on established values, which is but one aspect of the demands being made on it to alter its attitudes to life.

Westminster

Government by Trial Balloon

No one except Mr. Clement Davies could describe the agreeable generalities which the Prime Minister expounded to the House of Commons last Monday as "the most momentous statement that we have heard from the government despatch box for many years." But it was nice to hear Sir Anthony repeating what less exalted people have been saying and feeling for two years or more, that the danger of global war is receding. It was more than nice, it was reassuring, to hear that the government is now so concerned about the possible effects of nuclear radiation that it is willing to press for, and itself devise, methods for the limitation and control of atomic bomb tests, if necessary before any agreement on general disarmament is in sight. This part of his speech really excited the House.

Our excitement was premature. Not for the first time, the rest of the debate, and especially the speech of the Foreign Secretary, left one wondering whether the Prime Minister had meant what he had said. Was the government going to take action at once? If so, would it approach other governments? If so, which government? These questions, fired especially by Mr. Kenneth Younger, produced only such replies as were typified by Selwyn Lloyd's double negative: "This does not mean that no work will be done until November."

Such evasiveness is the more disturbing because it is not the first time in recent months that government leaders have made hopeful statements on important questions and then repudiated them or failed to follow them up with action. As Mr. Gaitskell reminded the House, the Minister of Defence not long ago was publicly hoping that National Service would be abolished long before the next election. This week the Secretary of State for War told the House that Labour's plan for abolishing the call-up in 1958 was impracticable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, not long ago, seemed to be suggesting that shortly there would be a substantial cut in defence expenditure. But now the Prime Minister has said that there should be no expectation of such cuts. This box-and-coxing, this governing by trial balloon and semi-offical wink, makes one suspicious not only of the government's competence but even of its good faith.

Labour's attitude, as revealed in the debate, though much clearer than the government's and greatly changed from its own attitude of a few years ago, still left some question marks which will need answering in next week's defence debate. One of the most effective passages in Gaitskell's speech dealt with the need for combating the Russian political, social and economic offensive in Asia and Africa. We must first abandon any taint of colonialism, of colour bar and of the doctrine of imperial fortresses and then, through the United Nations, greatly increase our, at present, inadequate economic aid. The windfall from defence cuts, if it came, must be used for this and for investment at home. It must not be dissipated.

No doubt Labour's decision to abolish National Service would play a part in providing this windfall. But no one on the Labour side so far has answered George Wigg's closely argued technical case that it will not be possible to secure the size of army we need, without the call-up, unless we cut our commitments. Does Labour propose to cut our commitments? Does it propose, for example, to withdraw troops from Germany? No one has yet said so. Or does it believe, as Sir Robert Boothby believes, that the sort of army with which we fought the last war—in Korea—is out of date, that we could fulfil even existing commitments with much smaller forces, provided these are of the commando rather than the orthodox type? Gaitskell did not seem to believe this; for, while pressing for general disarmament, he repudiated the idea that in the meanwhile conventional forces could be reduced merely because we now possessed nuclear weapons.

Two of the best received speeches in the debate were those of Boothby and Mr. Christopher Mayhew. Mrs. Castle described Boothby's speech as typically consisting of a graceful tribute to Sir Anthony Eden followed by a series of brickbats thrown at the Prime Minister. His brickbats, in fact, hit not only the Prime Minister, but also the British public—who appeared to be interested only in racing, cricket,

Marilyn Monroe and Jack Spot, *The Times* newspaper—which would do better to take more interest in Miss Monroe and less in putting forward military proposals which would inevitably bankrupt the country—and Nato, whose present military thinking would make it impossible for any government even to reduce National Service.

He did not specifically throw brickbats at the Labour Party; but he might well have done. Mayhew had made the point that the nature of power in world affairs is changing, that political and economic factors are now becoming much more important than military factors. Despite this change, he said, we in this country are still spending £1,500 million on defence, but only £120 million on long-term lending and a beggarly £11 million a year in the war of ideas. He wanted military disarmament and political and economic rearmament. Certainly in this he is expressing the wish of the opposition as a whole. But unless the opposition can be more specific on the ways in which it can achieve military disarmament—without which it cannot begin to afford a political and economic counter-attack—it will be in danger of seeming as wishy-washy—though not, I hope, as faithless—as the government itself and will deserve even worse than a Boothby brickbat.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

An Interview With Nenni

(From Our Rome Correspondent)

PIETRO NENNI, the secretary of the Italian Socialist Party (PSI) has granted me an exclusive interview. Nenni's formulations are important enough to warrant their publication verbatim.

Q. How did the policy of an "opening to the left" (apertura a sinistra) start in Italy?

A. The policy which we call an "opening to the left" started after the elections of June 7, 1953 and after the considerable success of the Italian Socialist Party in those elections. The policy was defined in concrete terms by the 31st Congress, held at Turin in the spring of last year. We then offered the support of the Socialists in parliament to carry out the series of social reforms which go under the name of "third social phase," of which the Christian Democrats had spoken for years without ever having carried them out, both because of the right-wing opposition which every time emerged in the party itself, and because of the contradictions of the present centre-coalition majority, in which the reformist push of the left-wing Christian Democrats and of the Social-Democrats is paralysed by the conservatism of the right-wing Christian Democrats, and by the Liberal Party, i.e., by the economic right-wing.

Q. What are the characteristics of the Socialist policy of an "opening to the left" and how does it differ from the Communist policy?

A. The reforms to which I refer particularly concern: (1) the plan for the development of commercial and industrial production to give work to the permanent two million unemployed and to raise the extremely low standard of living of a considerable part of the Italian population; (2) land reform; (3) reform of the agrarian agreements ("patti agrari"). Clearly, these revindications are common to both Socialists and Communists. All the same we have always taken into consideration the fact, and still do, that a direct agreement between Christian Democrats and Communists is today impossible, for which reason we have never expected, and do not expect, that an agreement made with us should be considered automatically extended to the Communists.

Q. Have the obstacles in the way of the formation of a centre-left coalition with the participation of the Socialists been created by the Christian Democrats, the Communists, or by both?

A. The obstacles have been placed in the way by the Christian Democrats and in part by the Social Democrats. The Christian Democrat leaders have so far refused any opening towards the Socialists, in spite of strong pressure in favour of such an agreement on the part of a large fraction of Catholic parliamentarians and by the mass of Catholic workers.

Q. What government programmes have been discussed with the Christian Democrats, officially or unofficially, for the participation of the Socialists in the government?

A. We have never raised in concrete form the problem of Socialists in the government. The premises and conditions for this are at the moment lacking. We proposed to give our support, to "condition," as we say in Italy, a majority constituted on the basis of a double guarantee: the democratisation of the state and of society according to the principles of our republican constitution, and the realisation of the economic and social reforms to which I have already referred.

Q. Does the Italian Socialist Party consider itself another party for the direction of the working class, with the prospect of conquering power on behalf of the proletariat, or does it qualify itself rather as a party with a more moderate programme towards the middle classes and the peasants?

A. The Italian Socialist Party considers itself the direct expression of the working class and of the Italian workers in the struggle for the conquest of power. The PSI is convinced that the road which leads the working class to power is the democratic struggle in all senses and all directions, in close contact with the middle-classes and with the interests of the popular masses, that is of the great majority of the population.

Q. Do you not think that the criticism made by the Central Committee of the CPSU to Signor Togliatti as regards the defects of the Soviet system were also, or even chiefly, formulated in the hope of obtaining a revision of your position?

A. I have no doubt whatsoever that the criticism by the C.C. of the CPSU was, with greater reason, directed against me for the position I took up, and which I maintain, and with which I attempted to free the debate on the criticism of Stalin from its too subjective and ambiguous nature, and to bring it to an objective evaluation of the organic insufficiencies of the Soviet institutions, as they have taken shape under the pressure of war-communism (*comunismo di guerra*). To liquidate war-communism and create the conditions for a free, democratic life of the masses and of the individual citizen is much more important, and would be much more productive than the polemics on the Stalin myth. It would also be the only efficient method of really liquidating the cult of personality.

Q. How do you judge the debate at present in progress within the Italian Communist Party (PCI) and what prospects do you think the Italian Communists have of remaining the guide-party of the Italian working class in the elaboration of the Italian way to Socialism?

A. The elaboration of an Italian way to Socialism which respects the exigencies of the democratic life of our country and of its working-class puts the Communists before the necessity of substantially revising the principles, the method, and the tactics of the Third International on which they formed themselves in 1920. This is always a difficult and arduous operation for a party, but if this were carried out, Communism would have undergone a transformation of its nature and substance which would eliminate the motives for the 1919 schism. The least one can say is that a historical process of this kind needs a great deal of time.

Q. The Communists are worried about the unity of the working-class in Italy. Is their anxiety justified?

A. The unity of the working-class remains one of the permanent objectives of the Italian Socialist Party. The ever-increasing development of the personality of the Socialist Party and of its initiatives, in other words of its autonomy, does not eliminate the implicit need in the class struggle of the unity of the workers, not only of the Socialist and Communist workers, but of workers of all tendencies.

Q. What new forms will the Italian Socialist Party give to its "action pact" with the Communists?

A. The new forms of the unitarian policy are arising, one might say, spontaneously from the struggles in which the working-class of our country is engaged, and from the new internal and international situation. They find their expression in the greater autonomy and characteristics of our party, and also of the Communist party, and in the need for a rapprochement between Socialists and Social-Democrats, who, as you know, formed their party nine years ago following an act of secession from the Socialist Party which much weakened us and which is the explanation of certain insufficiencies and weaknesses of Socialist action; a situation from which we emerged only in 1953. [Signor Nenni refers, of course, to Signor Saragat's party.]

Q. Will the Italian Socialist Party enter the Socialist International?

A. The Italian Socialist Party would have, I think no objections to re-entering Comisco if the question of relations between Socialists and Communists were resolved, in the sense always upheld by me in the executive of the International from 1932 onwards, and in the sense in which the question was resolved in 1937 by the Socialist International, with its decision to leave to every party the freedom of regulating, according to local contingencies, its relations with the Communists and with other workers' parties or bourgeois democratic parties.

Q. What relations does the Italian Socialist Party intend to develop with other Socialist or Social-Democratic parties in Western Europe, for example with the Labour Party?

A. The Italian Socialist Party considers that the international conditions exist today for a communal action together with the Socialist or Social-Democratic parties of western Europe and in particular with the Labour Party. Such communal action should be directed in a positive and concrete manner towards the solution of the problems of security, disarmament, German unification, and pacific co-existence between all states.

Q. What are the obstacles to Socialist unification in Italy? Do you believe that this will come about?

A. Socialist unification cannot be improvised. I took a great part in 1931, during my exile in Paris, in the unification of the two Socialist parties which had emerged from the schism of 1922. I had already put forward the problem of re-unification in 1925, but we had to wait six years to resolve it, under very different and more tragic conditions than those of today. I learned then that before putting the emphasis on organic re-unification, the problem of a series of communal political struggles must be faced and resolved, through which men grow nearer to each other and the political motives of the schism lose much of their justification. I think that this is the method to adopt in Italy today: for my part, I will do all in my power for this to come about.

Behind the Motor Strike

For the first time since 1926, an alliance of several unions has called an official strike on a matter of principle. Though the public is not directly affected, as it is in a transport or utility strike, the Tory press has seized this opportunity to rouse anti-union feeling, and it has done so by obscuring and distorting the issues that lie behind the dispute. This is not a strike against redundancy or an attempt to insist that, in a period of falling sales, the British Motor Corporation should retain the same labour force as in times of boom. Neither is it a protest against the displacement of workers by the introduction of new labour-saving machines and processes. It is simply a demand that dismissals, for either of these reasons, should take place in an orderly and agreed manner, and that the dismissed men should be given decent treatment.

The unions are quite right. The responsibility for this dispute rests with Sir Leonard Lord, for what *The Times* properly condemns as an "unjustified provocation." Just over two weeks ago, the corporation sent for union officials, brusquely informed them that about 6,000 men would be dismissed immediately, and issued the dismissal notices on the following day. The men were given one week's pay (at time, and not piece, rates) in lieu of notice, the week's pay that is carried forward from the time that they start work, and the deferred holiday pay that they had already earned. They thus received nothing to which they were not already legally entitled. When the union sought to consult the management and to secure some compensation for the dismissed men—Standards had already given their dismissed men a special "severance" bonus—they were told that any discussion could not be on the local level but must take place "through the normal machinery of the industry." B.M.C. justified this proposal by arguing that they could not set a precedent which might be harmful to smaller firms in the industry, though Standards, a firm with much less behind it, had already accepted the principle. National consultation, moreover, takes many months, and does not necessarily result in agreement. The B.M.C. argument, *The Times* again rightly insists, is "unconvincing".

At this point the unions concerned had to make an unenviable choice. They could either passively accept the high-handed action of the B.M.C. or they could fight back. They decided, rightly, that they could not meekly accept these dismissals. Neither Sir Anthony Eden nor the Minister of Labour attempted to justify the behaviour of the B.M.C., and public opinion generally agreed with the Tory M.P., Mr. Martin Lindsay, who wrote to *The Times* complaining that the B.M.C. had "affronted everyone who has a fundamental belief in the decencies and dignity of man." If the unions let this challenge pass, they knew that other employers would decide that the time has once again come to hire and fire their employees as they see fit. They knew, too, that their own members would be bitterly disillusioned by the failure of their leaders to protect them from this attempt to treat them as mere "factory fodder." Demoralisation would set in, and the way would be open for a sustained anti-union campaign.

That is why the unions decided to strike at all B.M.C. plants, with a threefold demand. First, that there should be joint consultation before men are dismissed. Secondly, that when mass dismissals are planned, the men should be given an extended period of notice, and not turned off without warning. Thirdly, that some form of compensation should be paid to displaced workers. The unions believe each of these to be reasonable requests, which B.M.C. could well afford to meet out of the very large profits that it has made. The B.M.C. refused even to discuss them.

The strike decision was a difficult choice to make. It is never easy to strike in a period of slump, when the employers may be quite willing to see their factories shut down and when the men who are not immediately affected fear for their own jobs. In the Cowley works, too, there is a low level of union membership and union-consciousness among the farmworkers and utility employees attracted into the industry in recent years by its high wages. The unions knew that this was a bad time to strike; but it was a risk they believed they had to take—or face the far more humiliating defeat of knuckling under without any fight at all. Both *The Times* and the *Mirror* have recognised that the unions had little option.

It may be argued that the unions should have come forward earlier, in the boom days, with plans for a situation of this kind. Maybe. But the B.M.C. has trifled with them for months, and all that is now a thing of the past. When the challenge came the unions had no alternative but to stage a trial of strength. It is, however, a serious weakness that the alliance has had to fight on a narrow front, and employ near-syndicalist tactics against the B.M.C. It has, of course, an industrial grievance to which it is unavoidably offering the industrial response. But this dispute raises issues that go beyond the treatment of the B.M.C. workers.

The crisis in the motor industry is, in part, a failure of private enterprise, the product of unplanned competition, of poor or inappropriate design and ineffective sales policy. It is, next, a failure of government policy, which has failed to impose any planning on the industry, abandoned any pressure to induce it to export, and tamely permitted manufacturers to raid the soft home market. Finally, the unions have limited themselves to what are essentially "defensive" demands—proper notice and treatment for men who are going to be sacked. They have not come forward either with proposals for dealing with the men after they have been sacked. Nor have they yet produced, as they should do, a plan for setting the industry's house in order. It is their responsibility to show what is wrong with the industry and, in collaboration with the political wing of the movement, to show how the basic causes of this crisis can be removed.

It is true that such questions cannot be made the subject of any purely industrial negotiations. But that does not mean that the wider issues can be ignored by the unions. It is no use making the most of a capitalist boom, and then kicking against the pricks when the boom comes to an end. This struggle has to be broadened; the strike is an essential weapon, but there are problems that strike action alone cannot solve. That is why there is an alliance between the trade unions and the Labour Party. And, if public opinion is to be instructed and rallied on this issue, the whole movement has to come forward with a constructive policy—including, perhaps, the proposal that some form of public ownership and control is the condition of efficient rationalisation of the industry, the decent treatment of its workers, and the recovery of export markets.

Government by the Dilettante

Successful salesmanship is regarded as a particularly American accomplishment. Yet the public-relations geniuses who sell Presidents, vice-Presidents, costly and inefficient medical services and other conservative policies Cellophane-packed to an unsuspecting American public look pitifully amateurish when compared with Sir Edward Bridges and the Treasury. Our senior civil servants don't have to hire expensive copywriters: in the traditional climate of uncritical respect they do it for themselves, ably assisted by their victims—the politicians. Effective power without responsibility, complete freedom from criticism, and, last but not least, the promise of higher salaries than their ministerial chiefs—these are the rich rewards of their skilled efforts. A century ago the mounting inefficiency of the old civil service led to the famous Northcote-Trevelyan Report and the establishment of a new organisation. Its hundredth anniversary is now being celebrated by the publication of a spate of books, lectures and articles designed to prove that this same organisation is still functioning perfectly. (The uncritical nature of these publications can partly be explained by the fact that most of their authors are themselves civil servants. What is, however, more surprising is that detached foreign observers of Professor Beer's standing* have also been persuaded to swallow the Treasury line.) From them, the picture emerges of the civil service machine adapting itself smoothly to the will of the minister who initiates policy and responds pliably to the democratic control of parliament.

Yet it is not difficult to show that this image of a smoothly functioning parliamentary democracy is one of the most fantastic of all British myths. The abrupt decline of British power cannot entirely be explained by the venality of the voters, the folly of politicians and the harshness of world events. The fact is that ministers are often very ill-served by their professional advisers. At best they are not supplied with all the facts; at worst with misleading appreciations. The record of Chamberlain and Baldwin cannot be excused; but in all fairness it should be said that their advisers not merely gave them a false picture of the Nazi rearmament effort, but also predicted that it would lead to rapid bankruptcy. How many dollar crises were caused by similar complacency is not yet known; but we already know that the statistical material on which Mr. Gaitskell relied in 1951 was fatally misleading. What led to the devaluation crisis? And the 1951 economic collapse? Who was responsible for the 1955 exchange crisis, which led to the eclipse of Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan's protest that he was supposed to catch trains by last year's Bradshaw?

Of course the British civil service is not open to bribery. Civil servants work hard and give, no doubt, the best advice according to their lights.

* *Treasury Control*. By Samuel H. Beer. *Clarendon Press*. 15s.

Going on Holiday?

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But is this enough? Do the results, for instance, of Anglo-American negotiations bear out the claim that British officials are superior to their American counterparts? Too often gross blunders on the official level have only been averted by ministerial expertise. There is a striking contrast between the American debt settlement in 1924 and the return to the gold standard in 1925, where the British ministers were non-experts, and the European Union negotiations, where Mr. Gaitskell was able, at the last moment, to rescue British interests. Many more examples spring to mind. The fact that the tenure of every post-war Chancellor has ended in crisis is disturbing.

Is the type of Treasury control praised by Professor Beer conducive to efficiency? It prevented the promotion of able men to Palestine and Cyprus because they were regarded—irrespective of their political importance—as "poor" colonies. It prevented the present Governor of Kenya from taking charge before the advent of Mau Mau because his predecessor was still "on the books." Ill-informed parsimony has led only too often to vast losses. In most of our colonies, the end of British dominance has left little desire for closer commercial links. From India to Palestine, the dissolution of the constitutional bond has brought not a decline but a remarkable speeding up of economic development. Why is this? In how many cases have the failures of our colonial development schemes been due to the refusal to use experts, to the determination to let old boy Buggins have his turn?

The reasons for all these shortcomings are not difficult to find. Since the Northcote-Trevelyan Report, two important changes have occurred in the administrative civil service—one in the structure, one on the method of recruitment. (The executive and clerical branches plodding away at their work are unimportant in this context.) Each of them, far from making the service more pliant and more adapted to its modern tasks, has had the opposite effect. In a world of increasingly complex problems and growing specialisation, the policy-makers have drifted steadily towards dilettantism. The new method of recruitment, to take the less important change first, places great reliance on the interview, and has thus weakened the precautions against nepotism provided by examination. At the same time, no technical education requirements are laid down, and there is no post-selection training programme, despite recommendations of a number of committees. It is not possible to have an effective educational reform favouring science so long as the civil service so blatantly favours "Arts".

The second change was far more disastrous. In a weak moment, Mr. Lloyd George was induced by Sir Warren Fisher to recognise the pre-eminence of the Treasury by making its Permanent Secretary the head of the civil service, and vesting in him advice on promotion to the higher posts, irrespective of departmental experience. Lloyd George forgot that the great reforms of 1906-12 and the successful war mobilisation were carried through by people recruited from the outside, after fearful battles with the old bureaucracy (the experience, it should be noted, had to be painfully re-learnt in the Second World War). What was required was not internal mobility, but the recruitment of experts from the outside. Instead, Lloyd George accepted the theory of horizontal mobility, of the availability of the "best talent" for the "most important jobs." This disastrous theory—since endorsed by all Lloyd George's successors—ignores the fact that civil service problems, far from becoming more universal, are daily growing more specialised. There are good reasons why people outside the civil service do much the same jobs all their lives. Only exceptional people can take on new jobs late in life and make a success of them. No one would be mad enough to advocate the periodic exchange of doctors and dentists, engineers and musicians. But the problems such professions encounter are simple compared with the complexities of the social and economic system of a modern state—above all of a welfare state, engaged in positive and detailed planning. Yet far from acquiring more specialised knowledge, far from making greater use of available experts in the service itself, in the universities and in the City, the dominant branch of the civil service has become more and more generalised and exclusive. Economists and scientists are either hired for a specified time or in a limited capacity. In general they cannot be promoted to the highest posts.

In a democracy, ministers are inevitably often dilettantes. But the less expert the minister, the more need there is for expert advisers. The days when snap answers could be conjured up out of pure intelligence are gone. Nowadays, the civil servant should undergo a course of specialised training at the outset, remain in the same function if not the same department throughout his career, and attend periodic "refresher" courses at a staff college. Instead, we have got a two-tier dilettantism. Both the permanent secretary and the minister may arrive simultaneously in a new department. How positive policy can be formed under these conditions is a mystery—or rather it would be a mystery if positive policy were formed. At best, the department drifts, keeping afloat on the stream of events. If there is a strong minister, with firm views on simple (or, rather, simple-looking) questions, he will probably prevail, though even then administrative complexities will soon sabotage the execution of his ideas. Of co-ordinated or coherent planning there can, of course, be no question.

The ineffectiveness of the civil service is the principal explanation of the drift towards *laissez-faire* and decontrol since 1945. In a planned economy, the crossword-puzzle mind, reared on moral science at Cambridge or Greats at Oxford, has only a limited outlet. Instead, it expresses itself by transferring decisions from the realm of economic realities into the sphere of pseudo-moral philosophy. Complicated problems are cheerfully solved by the application of so-called "general principles." Instead of detailed thinking, we get metaphysical sermons on "the need for a collective approach" or "willing the means to Nato" (i.e., adopting American policy uncritically). The end products of these dialectics are the drift towards convertibility, the dissolution of the Sterling Area, dear money and the slowing down of productive investment—the roots, in short, of all our present discontents. The fact that the Treasury controls senior appointments, and that ministers are busy men, does the rest. As one

Sensational discovery of cave drawings in France from the Nato age

Labour leader put it: "Whoever is in office, the Whigs are in power." And Mr. Roy Harrod blurts out in discussing Professor Beer's Book:

> It could be argued that in the saving of the country from a jarring, discordant form of Socialism . . . the bringing of economic planning—under the aegis of, I don't know whether it would be fair to say under the nose of, Sir Stafford Cripps—into the sphere of the sage and mellow influence of Treasury traditions was a much more decisive step than the Conservative victory in 1951.

Where does the solution lie? Certainly, the change in Treasury organisation announced last week, though it is a formal acknowledgment of the need for a Ministry of Planning, will not by itself help matters. Without experts, without statistics, rational policy making is impossible. Ministers will have to recognise that they cannot, by themselves, subdue and control the civil service. They would be well advised to put the post of head of the civil service in commission, vesting it in a committee of senior civil servants, just as a wiser generation of English politicians put the Lord High Admiral and Lord Treasurer in commission. But they cannot stop there. If the power of the Treasury and its head is the most insidious, the power of other departments also requires pruning. Sooner or later, parliament will have to acknowledge the striking superiority of the American system, which allows the minister to be armed with a private staff, manned by experts recruited from the outside, and dependent on the minister himself. After all, it was by comparatively minor changes of this nature that Lloyd George and Churchill became the two most successful executives in modern British history. But how many more wars—or Crichel Downs—will be required before this lesson is learnt is anyone's guess. Of course, civil service reform alone will not restore parliamentary democracy and Cabinet responsibility in Britain. Nor will it create the basis for a successful Socialist government. It is, however, a fundamental precondition of both.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

IT was not the fault of the Eagle air company that we sat waiting all day for the clouds to rise so that I could take part in the Shaw celebrations at the St. Malo Festival. The one rule about air travel is not to fret because the damn thing won't go. One must remember that a book can be read just as well in an airport lounge as anywhere else. I have learned this lesson the hard way in many airports. A 24-hour stay in Cairo I recall as the most enjoyable of these lost days. The most surprising was during a strike in Paris when Air France served its famous champagne lunch in the grounded airplane on the tarmac.

* * *

Odd that there should be a Shaw Festival in St. Malo and none in London. I had not expected anything quite as good as this French performance of "Cæsar and Cleopatra." The French have never acted Shaw as often or enthusiastically as the Americans or Germans or Russians. This is said to be because the French translation is so very bad. Shaw seems to have thought more of the political opinions of the translators than of their technical expertise. The play was acted with comparatively few cuts; some changes had to be made because the scene was laid in the open air beneath 40-foot battlements. Apollodorus, with his famous load of pigeons' eggs, was pulled up to the top by crane. The ears of the groundlings (my own included) were most tickled by Britannus, who pronounced his words with the most wonderful British public school accent. This sounded unbelievably funny to the 2,000 French listeners. The play was well chosen. It showed once again that "Cæsar and Cleopatra," like most Shaw plays, is primarily a debate behind which, in this case, he has added a complex and difficult stage apparatus. Almost impossible to produce in an ordinary theatre, it came off magnificently in this moonlight setting with flaming torches and friezes of Egyptian soldiers and slaves.

* * *

I have just read a new book by G.B.S.—something I had never expected to do again. I do not refer to his extraordinary letters to the Abbess of Stanbrook, which are reviewed in this issue by Margaret Lane, but to a totally new manuscript which he wrote at the age of 22 and which he entrusted to his friend Clare Winsten. It is his first book, an altogether charming letter to *My Dear Dorothea*. It advises a little girl how to deal with her parents and governess, how to do what she likes without getting into trouble with her elders. It is packed with good-humoured, practical, unconventional advice, the sort of advice that G.B.S. clearly gave to himself when as a boy he found a way of living his own life in spite of the school he hated and a family background that was enough to make anyone miserable. *My Dear Dorothea* is to be published in the autumn by Phoenix House with the delightful sub-title of "A Practical System of Moral Education for Females Embodied in a Letter to a Young Person of that Sex." Clare Winsten, whose sculpture of St. Joan is probably as permanent as anything at Ayot St. Lawrence, has provided some charming and imaginative illustrations.

* * *

St. John Ervine says that Bernard Shaw was offered an O.M. by Ramsay MacDonald and refused it. This surprised me. The story I had always been told was that Bernard Shaw was enraged by MacDonald offering him a knighthood. I have so far been unable to check either story. In his old age he once said to me that he was asking for a small Bernard Shaw special Act of Parliament to enable him to do what he liked with his wife's property in Ireland and he thought they ought to do so since the only other honour they dared to offer him was a dukedom, and he couldn't afford that!

* * *

"To leave error unrefuted is to encourage intellectual immorality". With this pointed quotation from Marx, two young Communist intellectuals have published the first number of *The Reasoner*, a monthly journal which is intended to promote genuine theoretical discussion within the C.P. So far as I know, it is the first time that anyone has tried to publish an "unofficial" journal of this kind, and it will be interesting to see whether the orthodox leadership will tolerate it. John Saville and E. P. Thompson, who are editing it, state quite firmly that they do not intend "to encourage the formation of political factions". But the ideas that they have put forward are far-reaching and refreshingly frank. They recognise, for instance, that the C.P. has turned Marxism into a sterile dogma, that cynicism has replaced intellectual honesty, and that many Communists have degenerated into moral nihilism. I was interested to read one article which asks—as this journal asked after Krushchev's secret speech had been published—whether Stalinist tyranny was not a product of "democratic centralism". The author says that even in the countries where Communism has triumphed, its results are "the degeneration of party life, the persecution of oppositions and minorities, and the widespread constriction of democratic participation in the making of key decisions". He adds that the case against it in countries such as Britain is far greater, indeed, "overwhelming". Does the publication of this journal mean that British Marxists now intend to return to Marx?

* * *

Pithiest resolution on the preliminary list for the Labour Party conference at Blackpool comes from Finchley. It suggests that Labour Party members who accept peerages should be deemed to be associating with a proscribed organisation.

* * *

Whenever I read articles or speeches by "enlightened" employers I am left interested but really unconvinced. I find that this is still true of the symposium in the current issue of the *Political Quarterly* which follows up and, in a sense, completes its special survey, last January, of trade union problems. My scepticism is aroused, not by the authors, but by those less articulate employers who do not write and very probably do not read such articles. It is all very well for the more enlightened to discuss new management techniques, or wage policy, or methods of joint consultation, but I am left wondering whether such serious thinking is as widespread as the advocates of "scientific management" would have us believe. Of course, a great deal of trade union thinking and practice is old-fashioned. The unions could certainly do with modernisation. But I suspect that the chief weakness of British industry today is the backwardness of the employers and not in any bone laziness and incompetence among British workers. American friends who have visited factories in this country, and cannot be suspected of sympathy with Socialists, take this view very strongly. The *Political Quarterly* symposiums have broken a good deal of new ground, and I'm sorry that one or two outspoken employers—Sir Leonard Lord, for instance—were not persuaded to champion the rough-and-tumble theory of industrial relations!

* * *

The sun shone brilliantly at St. Malo on Saturday afternoon; the beach was packed with children and parents playing on the sand. On one side of the bay there is a pile of rock going out to a fort; it was gay with people getting in and out of the water and sunbathing. Looking for a quiet spot I climbed round the fort and found perfect peace and isolation, so solitary that there was no problem about slipping into the water without any bathing clothes. I was dressing when a French schoolboy in a bathing slip climbed over the rocks near me. We agreed it was a nice day and good for bathing, then hesitatingly he asked if I was staying the night on the fort? If not perhaps I had better go back. He suggested it was unnecessary for me to put on my trousers. Five minutes later I saw what he meant. The tide comes in fast on the Britanny coast, and between me and the sandy safety of St. Malo there stretched a couple of hundred yards of water waist-high. The population on the shores saw a strange spectacle. Aphrodite, when she rose from the foam, was dressed, as far as I remember, in nothing but seaweed. But they saw a whitehaired gentleman, wearing a tweed coat, the tail of which hung in the water while the waves lapped gently over his Aertex underpants, and carrying his trousers like a banner before him. Nor was this sea deity unattended. For a charming acolyte preceded him bearing his shoes and socks. Polite as always, the French crowd of holiday-makers forbore to cheer but not to laugh as I stepped with simple dignity ashore.

CRITIC

Thoughts on Shaw

NEARLY forty-five years ago, when I began writing a weekly page for the *Bradford Pioneer*, I became acquainted with a group of enthusiastic Shavians, who lived for the Master's next work or pronouncement. When they attended one of his plays, everything in it—costumes, wigs and all—brought screams of laughter from them. They seemed to me then rather silly people, and I doubt if I would change my mind now. They also gave me a prejudice against their wonderful, inimitable G.B.S. and it took me years to get it out of my system, if ever I completely did. I met him on a good many occasions, not only on committees and at parties but also under his own roof and mine; but though we had the theatre as common ground, I never felt at ease with him: he was too much my senior, nearly forty years; he might be considerate both as host and guest, as indeed he was, but it was clear that I was heavily addicted to all the smaller vices from which he was free; on the other hand, he seemed to me the victim of two vices from which I felt myself to be reasonably free, namely, talking too much and showing off. But of course by this time he was fixed in his role of The Ancient Of Days; I never even caught a glimpse of him —though I might easily have done, for he often visited Bradford—in his earlier and greater role as a red-bearded, Jaeger-type Mephistopheles.

It was the greater role because, to my mind, that was when his best work was done. Although he became almost a symbolic figure of old age, it was G.B.S. in early middle-age who wrote the plays that will last longest. I am not even excepting *Saint Joan* and *Heartbreak House*. For a time I thought the latter his supreme masterpiece, but on the last occasion when I took in that third act, when we were all sitting under a giant bomb, its emotional impact seemed inadequate. This inadequacy has to be faced in Shaw. When I was a boy, ordinary stupid people thought him a self-advertising intellectual clown, who would say anything to attract attention. This view of him was dismissed with contempt even by those like Chesterton who sharply disagreed with him. And, of course, it was nonsense. Yet there was in it, as there often is in the judgments of ordinary stupid people, a valuable grain of truth. He held many beliefs but he did not hold them as most of us do. He never appeared to be emotionally committed to them. He could advance or defend them without anger. His warmest admirers tell us that this was because he was almost a saint. The opposite party say it was because he had a great deal of the charlatan in him. What is certain is that his peculiar relation to his beliefs gave him both the strength and the weakness characteristic of him.

He and Wells, whom I knew better than I did Shaw, offered some valuable contrasts. Wells always behaved far worse than Shaw; he was too impatient; he made mischief; he lost his temper and screamed insults and slanders. (Belloc once said that Wells was a cad who didn't pretend to be anything but a cad; that Bennett was a cad pretending to be a gentleman; that Shaw was a gentleman pretending to be a cad.) These tantrums threw into relief Shaw's patience and good humour and courtesy; and in any debate between these two, G.B.S. would win easily on points. Yet for my part I was always admiringly and affectionately aware of H. G.'s honesty of mind, his frankness, his raging desire to discover and to announce the truth. To those redeeming qualities it seemed to me that Shaw opposed something personally attractive and polemically formidable, but disingenuous and dubious.

Thus, Shaw might win the argument about Stalin and the Soviet Union, but it was Wells who was nearer the truth, and was not playing any monkey tricks with his own values. Sometimes, both when I read him or heard him in private, I felt that Shaw deliberately switched off his imagination when dealing with certain topics. It is not that he was downright dishonest, but that he refused to follow his debating points into the world of flesh and blood. So he could defend or even admire dictators when he must have known that he could never have endured their authority. He could cheerfully advocate the "liquidation" of anti-social types, as if they were merely being barred from a summer school. He did not see them as real people, shrieking and bleeding, but as creatures of paper and ink, characters with no entrances in the third act.

I never felt he came through into the world that followed 1914. Often he seemed to have persuaded himself that we were all still in the Edwardian world of debate, where the man who disagreed with you so violently on the public platform would be found, smiling a welcome, at the next weekend house-party. During that long fine afternoon it was fun to listen to a witty Irish Socialist, even if you did not believe a word he said. Later, especially after 1917, it was different. There had arrived the world of passports and visas, secret police and strange disappearances, labour camps and gas chambers. Even in England there were changes. The Socialist was no longer a crank but a menace; it was fortunate for G.B.S. that he now became a grand old man, and escaped most of the new hard abuse and the elaborate smearing.

Again, there is to my mind something dubious, disingenuous, too, reminiscent of those rather fatuous Shavian groups, in much of his handling of our non-intellectual, emotional life. He would pretend to be through with sex, as if it were fretwork or stamp collecting, when really he had hurriedly by-passed it. This pretence almost ruins some of his plays. Those maternal managing heroines of his ought to have had fourth acts composed for them by Strindberg. As for his assorted kittens, from Cleopatra to Orinthia, they are hygienic toys with never a gland in working order between them. No wonder that his greatest part for an actress is Joan of Arc.

All this seems very damaging, and so it would be if it were not for the fact that most of his plays rest on his strength as well as on his weakness. Because he could hold his beliefs in his own peculiar fashion, keeping them free of negative emotions, he was able to create his own kind of comedy, good enough to put him among the world's great dramatists. This comedy of his has light without heat. The superbly theatrical wit crackles and dazzles and strikes without wounding. Behind the cut-and-thrust of the talk, like some smiling landscape behind a battle scene, is a vast golden good humour. The master quite early of a magnificent debating style, he heightened it and orchestrated it to provide us with this comedy of argument, the Mozartian opera of witty debate. And this is not far-fetched, for it was opera and not other men's plays, the stuff he had denounced as a critic, that offered him models. He told me himself how he nearly always began without any ground-plan of action, hearing and not seeing his characters, trying a duet, then a trio, then perhaps a full ensemble. It is this method, together with an absence of fine shades and atmosphere, that explains why repertory companies in a hurry so often choose a Shaw play. You have only to learn the lines, slam them across, and the piece comes to life.

Treat Chekhov in this hell-for-leather style and you have nothing that the Russian master had in mind. For these two, the best who have written in this century, are complete opposites. And here is an odd thing. It is the dramatically simple forthright Shaw and not the delicate evasive Chekhov who is the dangerous influence. No playwright was ever the worse for being influenced by Chekhov. But Shaw's direct influence has been the kiss of death: no survivor is in sight. This is not hard to explain. Chekhov opened out a new dramatic method, whereas the Shaw play is a highly personal *tour de force*, demanding his unique style and temperament. I never felt myself that G.B.S. was really interested in dramatic method, though, of course, he may have tired of the theatre by the time I knew him. He despised the content of the plays he criticised in the *Saturday Review*, but he was not above using some of their oldest tricks. When an act was getting a bit dull he would bring on a gorgeous uniform or some fancy dress; and some of his deliberate clowning, as distinct from the expression of his wit, is just embarrassing.

Saint or charlatan, he was Irish, not English. What would have been fighting words in a Cockney or Lancashire accent seemed delicious banter in that rich soft brogue. His debating tricks, which were often outrageous, were in the Dublin tradition, and so, of course, was his assumption of a public character part, starring in a cast that had Wilde, George Moore, Yeats, "AE," James Stephens, all playing character parts. Like Chekhov's Gaev, he was "a man of the 'Eighties"—with some Edwardian ripening. After that, he was with us but not of us. Like a man in a cautionary fairy tale, he had his wish

Jesting Apostle

THE LIFE OF

Bernard Shaw

BY STEPHEN WINSTEN

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HUTCHINSON

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granted—to live a long time—and it was all different and wrong. He became—and who can blame him?—a very vain old super-V.I.P. I remember once coming across him at the Grand Canyon, and found him peevish, refusing to admire it, or even look at it properly. He was jealous of it. Later still, the crisply assertive style, which he kept almost to the very end, deceived people into imagining that he was still thinking hard when he was often being rather foolish. His wife was no intellectual giant, but it seemed to me that her mind was still open long after his had finally closed.

You might say that he made up his mind too early, which gave him an immense advantage in debate, arming him at all points, but cost him something in wisdom. Bertrand Russell, who had known him a long time, said that G.B.S. was an immensely clever man but not a wise man. He seemed to me to have a sort of natural wisdom in his ordinary dealings with life (he must have given people in private more really good advice than any other man of his time), but to be perverse, obstinate, cranky, wrong-headed, in his positive philosophy. He was, in fact—and came at just the right moment—a great destroyer, head of the Victorian rubbish disposal squad. He hid any doubts he might have about his positive wisdom in quick mocking laughter, just as he hid so much of his face behind a beard, red and white at the proper seasons. But because he was an iconoclast, this does not mean, as many people imagine, that all his work will "date" itself into obscurity. I suspect that all the "dating" that can happen has already happened. His best pieces, those comedies unique in style and spirit, have the vitality that defies time and all social changes. Their character, their appeal, may be different—for notice how early plays like *Arms And The Man* and *You Never Can Tell*, once thought to be grimly shocking, now seem to bubble and sparkle with wit and delicious nonsense—but they will be alive. And existing still behind the work will be the memory and the legend of the man, half saint and half clown, preposterous in his Jaeger outfit and assorted fads, glorious in his long stride towards some kingdom worthy of the spirit—the wittiest of all pilgrims, humming an air by Mozart.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The decision to show the bomb to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was made only a few days ago. At first it was planned to show a mock A-bomb, but I understand that the Duke, a Marshal of the R.A.F. and a pilot, insisted on the real thing.—*Sunday Express.* (D. Buyers.)

Wanted, Wedgwood or decorated Lavatory Pan; also Hand Basin, matching if possible, with or without taps.—Advt. in *The Times.* (L. Dodsworth.)

My old uncle has an unusual pulse beat—sixty to the minute. Without the help of a clock, he can time accurately eggs boiling for three minutes; rounds of boxing during broadcasts; the two minutes' silence on Armistice Days and exposure periods for our cameras.—Letter in *Illustrated.* (Anoyn Thomas.)

On one of the last two days of play at Wimbledon a commentator referred to the "tram-lines." I noticed it particularly, being somewhat taken aback to hear this expression used, as I was brought up to regard it as undesirable and unprofessional slang.—Letter in *The Times.* (A. F. Thornhill.)

Fleet Street Notebook

To take upon oneself in however modest a capacity the duties of historian of the changing fortunes of the press is at times, as readers of this column will no doubt have noted, a melancholy affair. Cold blows the wind for the pure of heart in the narrow alleys off Fleet Street. How pleasant it is, therefore, to be able to record this week the continuing triumph of two newspapers which by any standard but the lowest must be regarded as excelling in journalistic vertu: the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Observer*. A continuing triumph, moreover, not simply of esteem.

According to the latest A.B.C. figures just issued, *Manchester Guardian* sales averaged during the first six months of this year 163,000 as compared with 156,154 in the corresponding period of the previous year, those of the *Observer* 601,402, a rise of over 37,000 on the same period in 1955. Since the end of the war the circulation of the *Manchester Guardian* has just about doubled and that of the *Observer* has more than doubled. Compared with immediately before the war the change is even more dramatic. In this period of vastly expanding newspaper readership—the most striking in newspaper history—the combined circulation of national daily papers has risen by some 65 per cent., a rate of increase more than ten times that of the growth of population. But the sales of the *Manchester Guardian* have more than trebled and those of the *Observer* have nearly done so. Compared with the mammoths of Fleet Street their total sales are, of course, tiny. Nor must a pleasurable sense of well-being induced by the upward curve of their circulation

Professor G. D. H. Cole writes to a Friend

Dear Friend,

I am sending you a copy of my pamphlet, *World Socialism Restated*, which is being published by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION this week. I wrote this brief study because I felt strongly the need to set down, at rather greater length than an occasional article allows, my sense of the urgency of making some attempt to bring the forces of Socialism closer together for a common effort not only to procure international peace but also to take initial action for the uplifting of living standards in the under-developed countries and for a concerted advance towards Socialism in those more advanced countries, such as France and Italy, in which it is at present held back by disastrous divisions of the Socialists into rival parties and groups, each more concerned to get the best of the others than to find a common road to the Socialist goal.

In this discussion I have naturally paid a good deal of attention to the meaning of the recent developments in the Soviet Union and among Communists elsewhere. As one who has never been either a Communist or a 'fellow-traveller' I am of course unable to regard recent denunciations of Stalin or of the so-called 'cult of personality' as removing the absolute objection which, like other democratic Socialists, I have to any sort of dictatorship and to the principles of so-called 'democratic centralism.' I do, however, believe that it will prove impossible for many who are at present Communists to stop short at the point of criticism of Stalin's misdeeds at which they have now arrived, and that it will be a disaster if democratic Socialists rest content with declaring that 'Socialism and Communism have nothing in common' and do not make some attempt to find common ground with those who are becoming painfully aware of the dishonourable positions into which they have allowed themselves to be led by a mistaken sense of wholly uncritical 'loyalty' to the Soviet Union.

I am by no means suggesting that, in Great Britain, there can be any question of a 'United Front' between the Labour Party and the Communist Party. Such a proposal would be absurd both because of the insignificance of the Communists' following and on other grounds. But I am suggesting that it is wrong to regard all individual Communists, however they may react to the present situation, as simply beyond the pale; and I am also arguing that in France and Italy, where the Communists do have a mass working-class following, it is unrealistic to suppose that real advances towards Socialism can be made as long as the present cleavage continues to exist.

Quite apart from this issue I am also arguing that Socialists are everywhere under an inescapable obligation to take a firm stand against every form of racial discrimination or colonial domination, and to range themselves on the side of the popular nationalist movements which are taking on more and more a social character and accepting Socialist ideas. I want, above all else, to see in existence a world-wide Socialist movement based on common principles of democracy and freedom and making its appeal no less to Asians and Africans, to Latin and North Americans, than to the workers of Western Europe among whom it first found mature expression.

Whether or not you agree with these basic ideas—and I hope you do agree with most of them—I ask you at any rate to read this pamphlet and to say audibly what you think of it. It is at all events an honest attempt, by a Socialist of fifty years' standing—for I became a Socialist almost at the very moment when the Labour Party was born—to express his sense of the urgency of restating our Socialist faith, not merely in national, or West European, but in international and, indeed, in world-wide terms.

Yours fraternally,

G. D. H. Cole

WORLD SOCIALISM RESTATED *by G. D. H. Cole is published this week as a New Statesman pamphlet at* 1s. 6d. (48 *pages*). *It is available from all newsagents and booksellers or from the Publisher,*

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graphs obscure the fact that in the last six months alone the *Daily Sketch* has dredged from its journeys into the depths nearly as many new readers as the total *Guardian* circulation. Nevertheless, the great percentage increase in the sales of the *Guardian* and *Observer* during the last two decades or so must surely be accepted as being in many ways the most striking fact about modern journalism.

Moreover, the actual readership of both papers has increased even more than their sales. To judge by the latest Hulton Readership Survey, which although based, because of the newspaper strike, on a smaller sample than normally, is probably pretty accurate, some 490,000 people now daily read the *Manchester Guardian*—30,000 or so more than actually read *The Times*, although *The Times* sells more copies. Around 1,880,000 read the *Observer* each Sunday, which is, on this estimate, 450,000 more than do the same for the *Sunday Times*. For a newspaper which lives on the pennies of the people this disparity between sales and readership carries with it, of course, something of the taste of bitter sweet that comes to an author brooding on the inadequacy of his royalties when he learns that his books are in constant demand at the free library. But the readership figures of the *Guardian* and *Observer* are not only a very valuable current inducement to advertisers; they also carry a message of singular encouragement for the future.

All newspaper publishers are dogged by the fear that their publications may be loved too much by those of mature years and too little by the young. They study mortality tables with eyes more lynx-like than those of an insurance broker. This anxiety particularly afflicts those who cater for the more serious tastes in journalism, since experience is held to indicate that a taste for the serious is only too often accompanied by hardening arteries. Both the *Guardian* and the *Observer*, however, share with the *Daily Mirror* a capacity to attract the young. This they do to a degree much greater than their immediate rivals in the field of serious journalism. Less than one in ten of the readers of *The Times* is under the age of thirty-four, and only some 18 per cent. of those who read the *Sunday Times*. But getting on for a quarter of those who read the *Guardian* and well over a quarter of *Observer* readers fall into the age group between twenty-five and thirty-four. Not all these, as the circulation figures show, buy the papers they read, or perhaps can afford to do so as a regular habit, but they make sure of reading them and they may be expected to become buyers as well as readers as time passes.

What is the reason for this success, so counter to many current newspaper trends? Undoubtedly both have attracted many of the more serious-minded among former readers of the popular press who have grown tired of the cheapening process involved in the need to appeal to larger mass circulations under advertising pressures. And just as Northcliffe built his success on the advance of free elementary education, they are the journalistic inheritors of the development of free grammar school education. But there is more to it than this. The *Guardian* cannot rival *The Times* in general news coverage, nor can the *Observer*, although it has much that the *Sunday Times* does not have, command the same news organisation as is at the disposal of the *Sunday Times*, linked as it is with the vast Kemsley enterprise. But both of them have shown themselves much more aware of the modern world and less contemptuous of its vagaries than their rivals. They have a readiness, which *The Times* in particular seems these days to lack, to give good writers their heads.

A regular reader of *The Times* or the *Sunday Times* who was handy with his pen could, I think, write their comments on most subjects in advance. He might not be able to rival their command of information but he would have to be remarkably obtuse not to foresee what their attitude would be on most controversial issues. This is not so with either the *Observer* or the *Guardian*. Both of them have managed to retain the priceless journalistic quality of surprise.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Beggar's Apprentice

He was a gawky little boy, part skinny and part rounded. His skin was that odd colour which is neither black nor brown but of a pachyderm's shading and texture; his hair stood on end in dusty, greyish tufts. A boy of his seven years should have been as smooth and shiny-skinned as an aubergine, but no one had ever coped with his appearance and behind his pink-rimmed, itching eyes he reasoned with the cynical shrewdness of an old man. Hundreds of gay, white-clad youths sat on the parapet of Marine Drive watching the pretty girls walking by with their chaperons, but although he had whined and bent his head and proffered his palm to them all from Chowpatty Beach to the Reclamation Ground, he had not gathered a single pice. So he stood up on the steps looking down on the rocks below and the black water swirling round the concrete blocks, figuring a way of making two annas to buy himself a paper kite. He would have asked another boy to lead him while he closed his eyes and affected blindness; that was a profitable venture, but no boy was in sight and he had no means of paying out hire. He could walk back to his home near the Mahalaxmi racecourse, but it was miles up the creek, two hours walk or one hour's run through moonlit streets, past mosques and temples and dozing cows; he was tired and wished himself at home inside the erection of old jute sacks and petrol cans, sleeping with the others and their cooking tins.

He started to walk up the broad pavement through the crowds beneath the necklace of lights that lit the sweep of bay for several miles; sometimes he ran and leapt over the lines between the flagstones, sometimes he walked slowly, banging every lampost with his fist. Now and again he peered into the cars lined along the sidewalk and moaned at the people inside, his head lolling on one side, his hands bowl-like before their faces, but they affected not to notice him and carried on their evening conversations innocent of his kind and his demands. Then he would run again a little way, keeping pace with the gram-seller with his basket of fire clutched to his chest, or meandering with the coconut sellers and picking up the cast-away whittled shells to scrape out pieces of the soft, raw nut with his thick fingernails. Now and again, as he smelled the pepper-water and the curries of dahl cooking in the beach stalls, he remembered to search the sands for an old banana leaf that had contained someone's supper and now and again he might find one with a scraping or a lick of masala left on it. He and the dogs raced for them, skirting the beach, keeping far away from the police van which rounded up some of the homeless every night. Sometimes he took a step or two backwards, fighting tomorrow's breeze, winding an imaginary ball of string near his stomach and squinting up at the sky to see how his kite battled through the clouds. And then he thought of the two annas he had not got, and he remembered he must be cunning again.

He sat on the beach for a moment or two, staring at the black sea where no lamps lit it, racking his small mind for ideas. He scratched all over his scalp with fierce fingers, screwing up his face at the pain, and he spat a gob of saliva two yards away into the sand. Then he turned round to watch the bright street behind him and he saw the balloon sellers with their bunches of colour wafting under the lamposts, and the men whose celluloid windmills whirred in the evening breeze. He had no wish to possess either a balloon or a windmill, only a paper kite and a ball of string. For the last few days he had watched boys running from their ayahs through the long blond grasses to launch kites into the sky, and in his desire to join them had forgotten his old man's poise and cynicism. He had watched a boy fight with his ayah, impatient to be let loose, and punch two flailing fists through the thin blue tissue and the matchwood frame; the ayah had clouted the child on the ear and led him home yelling, abandoning the broken kite to the bushes. He had sat over it a long time, trying to patch the hole with a page of flying newspaper, endeavouring to tie it to the frame with tiny pieces of red cotton from the stumps of old bidis, but before he raised it over his head the paper had rent itself and he could see blue sky through the newsprint. Out of this wreckage had grown his sole ambition. He searched through the sand absent-mindedly and found an old toothpick, and he picked his perfect, shining teeth a moment or two before he heaved himself up and made his way towards Mahalaxmi.

He slept that night on the pavement near the railway, and was woken early in the morning by a flock of goats picking their way fastidiously past him to their slaughter. He rummaged in the paths between the vegetable stalls in the market, finding himself breakfast, and discovered a sodden lettuce leaf, translucent as jade, which he held in his palm a while, scrutinising its texture. From time to time he tore a piece of it and pushed it into his mouth, rooting meanwhile for some damaged morsel more to his liking. A cow walked before him part of the way home, and they jogged along amiably, eyeing the vegetable stalls together.

And then, quite suddenly, a brilliant notion entered his head. He would create a toy and sell it. He would sell it to one of the devoted fathers of small boys he had seen perambulating up and down Chowpatty every night. He would make this most desirable toy with his own hands, demanding all his patience and creative powers, needing much ingenuity in assembling the materials, sacrificing a whole day's begging time, and he would sell it without any difficulty to an appreciative parent. His creation was to be a cocoa-tin on a stick, with two small stones tied to whirling thongs which some fortunate child could twirl in his hands like the tablas the monkey-man used to draw crowds. He was too excited to search for more food, and he spent hours walking through the bazaars and the alleyways searching the street-sweepers' litter piles for paper and string and a cocoa-tin and a stick. The gods were kind to him, for as he stood thinking in the Muslim dwellings, two date-stones, fresh-spat from the mouth of a Hajji, fell at his feet; these he would tie on strings to flail against the ends of the tin. He kept them in his mouth, tucked between his cheek and his teeth so as not

the things they say!

Those people made a pile of money last year.

Not a lot, in relation to the size of their business!

Maybe not. But why couldn't they let their customers have a bigger share in this prosperity by lower or level prices?

You talk as if I.C.I. haven't kept their prices down.

Well, have they?

Certainly. The general level of wholesale prices in this country is more than three times pre-war, but the general level of I.C.I.'s prices is less than double.

Still, I don't see what I.C.I. want all that money for.

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to lose them while he showered under a fountain and beat his rags upon the pavement and lay down to wait for them to dry. He found a bootlace after an hour, laced into an old boot without a sole, and he wound it round his wrist for safe keeping. The stick was easier to come by: he squatted near a man who was chopping up a packing-case outside a china shop and stole a sliver of the wood and ran with it when the man turned round to blow his nose. The tin was more difficult to obtain. He scratched his head while he wondered where to look. The pavements grew hotter under his feet and he pushed aside his ever-present hunger and concentrated on the procurement of an old cocoa-tin. He walked in the gutters, kicking up dust with his toes, ruminating over alternatives, but no other component appealed to him. He became frightened for a moment, seeing his plans in jeopardy, and he sat in the street and wept on to his knees in frustration, punching the pavement with his knuckles. His tears dropped on to the ground and formed small dusty balls and he watched them roll away until they collapsed into damp blots. This occupied him until his cheerfulness returned and he got up and dodged among the children and the dogs, resuming his search for the tin.

He saw the very tin he desired on the counter of a dairy in the Jewish area. An elderly man sat stirring Ovaltine in a tall glass of milk. He watched this strange operation with dismay for the tin was new and its orange wrapper immaculate, and new tins were sold for annas in the old-bottle bazaar. And then quite suddenly the tin was lifted up and held over the glass and shaken to remove its last crumbs, and he ducked as it sailed past his ear with the accompanying cry of "Jao!" and clattered into the street among the pedestrians. He ran triumphantly, holding his treasures against his chest and settled down beside a restaurant door, rummaging in a bucket for moist egg-shells. He spent all day making his toy, battering a nail with a stone until it pierced the ends of the tin, paring down his stick with his nails, chewing a trough into each date stone, tying on the bootlace, glueing paper with the albumen from the egg-shell over the splintery stick until the toy lay in his lap complete and beautiful. He twirled it, and the stones beat a tattoo on the tin. He laughed with bitter pleasure. He had not time to think of hunger: he was crazed with success and optimism. In all his seven years he could remember no such unbearable happiness.

He went back to Chowpatty as dusk was settling and the lamplighters with cane poles ran from lamp to lamp, zig-zagging across the road. Full of good will he waited for a child fit to possess his treasure. Families passed him and he could not part with it, but his desire to fly a kite was still with him, and with some wrench of affection he clasped his toy to his chest in an isolated act of love before he offered it for sale.

A swaggering fellow approached, his dhoti flapping behind his knees, Mahratta fashion, accompanied by a clean, round woman in a red sari. They each held the hand of a small, clean child with large, healthy eyes.

He held up the toy. "Three annas," he said, profiteering, allowing for some haggling. "Three annas for this beautiful, desirable object."

They went by as if he was invisible.

"Sahib," he said, dogging their footsteps. "Three annas, sahib. Two annas, sahib." He smiled a smile he had seen on other faces, the polite affectation of servility and rubbed his hand round and round his stomach. "One anna, sahib," he said.

"He's got the cheek to ask money for that rubbish," said the man, who was a very good man and wanted only the best for his child.

"Pay no attention," the clean woman said, "It is kinder to ignore these people. Why, he probably has some horrible complaint. Look at his skin." They walked on. "Mummee!" he called, his teeth bared in a ravaged grin. "One anna only, Mummee."

"He looks half mad, to me," she said, without looking at him.

He stopped behind them a minute, forgetting the old venture as this new idea formed in his head. He twirled his rattle and the little tattoo beat out. A group of medical students sitting on the wall looked up at the noise.

"I'm half mad," he said, whirling his stones. "I'm mad!" he cried at them, jigging about, lopsided and growling. Some laughed at his antics, some stared, bored, and fished in their pockets. "Here, chappie," they said. "Now hop it, you little devil," they warned, doling out small change. He leered at them and twirled the rattle in the manner of a medieval fool.

"I'm mad!" he stammered as he tottered along the ranks of promenaders. He leapt about insanely, grimacing at them. He slobbered for those who needed convincing and rolled his eyeballs in his head and gibbered at them. He still thought of his kite, although the toy in his hand had lost some of its beauty for him. For the moment it was more important that he had learned a new line in his apprenticeship to beggary. He concentrated on his idiotic performance. He had learned that even the charitable like value for their money.

RANI SINHA

The Arts and Entertainment

Cheltenham

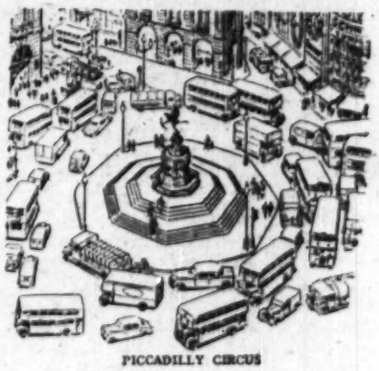
THE four concerts of the Hallé Orchestra have always formed the backbone of the Cheltenham Festival, and for many years their programmes have been chosen mainly by Sir John Barbirolli. The earlier Festivals brought forward some of the outstanding talents of post-war Britain, and it is a pity that Cheltenham does not print in its annual programme-book a list of the main works introduced in previous years: it would make interesting and quite impressive reading. More recently Sir John has allowed his personal taste for the theatrical and the sumptuous to dominate the programmes to an undue extent, but this year he has confined himself to some pious resuscitations of a flamboyant kind, among them Hurlstone's *Variations on a Swedish Air* and Edward German's *Theme and Six Diversions*—two works which I am glad to have heard once but hope not to hear again. Besides these, Sir John has given notable performances of the most recent symphonies of Vaughan Williams and Edmund Rubbra; the latter's No. 6 made a host of new friends at Cheltenham, and established itself as the assured utterance of a meditative spirit who understands the limits of his talent and attempts to transcend these only in the thickly scored and over-long Scherzo; the opening and close of the first movement, together with the whole of the slow movement or "Canto," are perhaps the very finest things that Rubbra has yet achieved.

This year the new works were selected by a reading panel of four well-equipped musicians; the results were heard with satisfaction, if not with any great excitement. No first-rate new talent has been unearthed. The panel has chosen two works by firmly established "Cheltenham masters," if the phrase may be used without offence: a *Litany for Double String Orchestra* by Peter Racine Fricker and a set of *Symphonic Variations* by Iain Hamilton; and three works by less well-known composers: the Third Symphony of Daniel Jones (which I did not hear), *Iambics* by Francis Burt and a Cello Concerto by Kenneth Leighton. Though none of these pieces seemed to me to be of startling excellence, I can believe that (with one possible exception) they were the best of the batch. Genius is clearly not to be conjured up by even the most musically distinguished of panels.

Fricker's *Litany* is based on two themes, one original, the other a plainsong melody used as the cantus firmus of Taverner's Mass, *O Michael*. The perspicacious ears (and eyes?) of Mr. Colin Mason of the *Manchester Guardian* have discerned the fact that Fricker's original theme, like the harmonies which puzzlingly accompany the plainsong at its first appearance, are of the twelve-note persuasion; it seemed to me, I regret to say, only a rather dull tune, but totting it up in the score (published by Schott) I perceive that Mr. Mason is quite right, and that the theme is indeed, as he points out, instantly followed by its retrograde inversion. If he truly discovered this last fact by the evidence of his unaided ears, and without reference to the printed notes, then I salute him with unfeigned admiration as a pioneer listener of the New Dodecaphonic Era. The lay-out of the piece and its liturgical link have an obvious similarity with Vaughan Williams's *Tallis Fantasy*; whether it will ever rival the position of that work in the affection of the public is doubtful, nor can I feel that the Hallé performance allowed us to form a true idea of its merit. The solo violin, introducing the plainsong theme above the enigmatic chords just mentioned, is instructed to play it "very freely"; Laurence Turner interpreted this licence in such a way that the liturgical character of the theme quite vanished. Absurd as it must always seem to advise composers on the detailed layout of their scores, I cannot help wishing that Fricker had entrusted the first statement of his all-important theme, not to the solo violin, but to a solo viola, whose grave voice could have intoned the theme in the register natural to it and thus have implanted its character more firmly in our minds than can the more flighty and sentimental violin. Of the six sections into which the *Litany* fell, the last two were the most impressive: the penultimate turning the plainsong into a decorated melody above a throbbing accompaniment, and the Coda taking leave of the theme in a few pages of magical beauty. It is odd how regularly "false relation" is enlisted by English composers to achieve their most poetical effects.

Iain Hamilton's *Symphonic Variations* (to be performed at the Proms on September 13th) aims at combining the forms of variation and symphony: the first five variations are supposed to constitute a kind of first movement, the next three a slow movement, the last four an allegro finale. In performance the symphonic effect was not very perceptible, partly because no marked pause was made after Variations 5 and 8, so that the listener was aware only of a continuous succession of variations. Some of them, especially those of the slow central group, made a strong impression by their impassioned and richly coloured style; but the unity of the work is not easily perceived for the simple reason that the initial theme is difficult to grasp. It was a long and irregular rhapsodic cantilena, such as might well have formed one of the variations; as a theme, it lacked concision and clarity. Thus the total effect, as in other works of this composer, remained somewhat episodic; but the episodes were often ingenious and striking.

Francis Burt, a pupil of Boris Blacher now in his thirtieth year, suffers from no such temptations, so far as can be seen from his *Iambics*. There is nothing either pretentious or portentous



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in this neatly contrived and brilliantly scored little work—with the possible exception of the title. "Iambics" proves to imply little more than an elementary kind of syncopation, with an accent on the second beat of a four-beat bar; but the piece is written with such clarity and brisk assurance that it gave real pleasure and aroused our interest in the Ben Jonson opera, *Volpone*, on which the composer is said to be now engaged. *Iambics* may be not much more than a school work; but it comes from the prize pupil of a good school, and it was no surprise to learn that it has already achieved the dignity of performance and publication in Germany.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Shavian Comedy

"WE are bound to say that our impression of *Major Barbara* was that it is one of the most remarkable plays ever put upon the English stage. . . . It is a triumph no criticisms can lessen." So wrote a dramatic critic of the first performance in 1905. His name? Desmond MacCarthy—one who did honour to our profession by consistently recognising and continuously proclaiming that he was privileged to be writing at a time when a manifest dramatic genius was assaulting the English theatre.

A comparison between the kind of criticisms made of the play at the time with the kind we would make now is a fair reflection of the sort of change which is taking place in our evaluation of Shaw. The critics of the day spread themselves about the wrong-headedness (usually) of Shaw's "views", first, of the Salvation Army and secondly, of "the Gospel of St. Andrew Undershaft." The less sophisticated, as was to be expected, simply found the whole subject distasteful and put up the cry of "blasphemy." But even the more respected were arguing about whether he was right to say that the Army would take money from drink barons or armament kings, or whether it should or should not have done so. Shaw is himself as responsible as anyone for the fact that such criticism would not be made today; and he at least would think it creditable in us that we would hardly recognise blasphemy if we heard it. As for the gospel of St. Andrew Undershaft, his heresies, which seemed so abominably subversive of all law and order, are now the truisms by which we manage our social life; they are indeed the foundations of the Welfare State.

The criticisms of his contemporaries Shaw could counter in six pages of witty preface. Ours will not have to go through that acid test. But they would anyhow be quite different. They would be over the degree to which the pamphleteer diverted the artist from his proper course. *Major Barbara*, after all, is not about the Salvation Army or the redistribution of wealth. It is about the grand-daughter of an earl who is endowed with the religious temperament. She is exercising it happily enough with the Army until her father arrives on the scene. He recognises in her alone of his children a kindred spirit; and he deliberately undermines her present faith in the belief that he can offer her a better one. If that, or something like that, is really the "line" of the play (and Shaw implies this in his Preface), then we criticise the play now as not drawing that line firmly enough through to the end. Only in the Second Act is the play conducted as if this were what it is about. Barbara's conversion, in short, is far less effectively dramatised than her loss of faith, and however well the part of Barbara herself is played, she will not be able to hold the interest on an equal footing with Undershaft in the last two acts. Or, we might argue alternatively, as the lawyers say, that the balance is upset because Undershaft's gospel gets out of hand. As long as he is on his "poverty is the greatest of crimes" line he balances with Barbara in the first part of the play. But when the argument is extended, and extended to great length, as a justification of his trade as cannon-maker the balance is hopelessly upset. Such criticisms may or may not be valid. But the point is that what we criticise now is not the doctrine of a social philosopher but the form of an artist. Or, to put it quite differently again, we are less concerned now with whether Undershaft is right or wrong, and more concerned with whether or not his doctrines "work" the play.

Yet, in any case, what strikes one first about *Major Barbara*—seeing it again after several years—is not any formal defect, but the superb vitality which still animates the whole creation. So far from "dating" in a depreciatory sense, I should say that the comedy is falling better into perspective, and in twenty-five or fifty years is likely to be more, not less, effective. The less startled we are by Undershaft's doctrine, the more alive he comes as a comic creation, as the liveliest embodiment of a certain kind of temperament, just as Barbara is the embodiment of another. This is what we are gradually realising about Shaw. It is not merely ideas which clash in his comedy, it is temperaments; and the temperaments are sufficiently rooted in the world of the plays themselves to have a life out of time. These temperaments exist and rampage within the self-enclosed world of the created comedy and, when that happens, a claim is staked on posterity. In the post-war plays the ideas spilled out of the container; they were part of the debate going on in the outside world, not the debate going on in the play, and they will eventually date. It is already becoming easier to see this now with the early comedies, with *You Never Can Tell, Candida, Arms and the Man, Man and Superman, Androcles*. They exist in themselves and for themselves and by themselves. *Major Barbara* is still in a half-way stage, where the issues can still touch off passions irrelevant to the play itself.

In one sense isn't this true about Shaw in

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general? The Centenary has, so to speak, come too early. That eclipse into which all great writers in this country seem to fall for some decades after their death is perhaps not so bad a thing. We need a space for the clamour of their personalities to die down. With a writer like Shaw, whose impact on his own generation was so noisy, this is particularly desirable. We are not yet able to separate the temporary from the permanent.

That there will be a large residue is certain; and one of the things we shall have to do is study a little more seriously how to act them properly. It is not easy, because, although he writes eminently actable parts, he does make very great demands on his actors. There is so much in the text themselves, of course, that even the roughest production can keep an audience rippling with amusement for a long evening, as we saw the other night at the Old Vic, where the junior branch, the Bristol Old Vic, are presenting their *Major Barbara*. There are a number of quite good performances here, but the production loses far, far too much. One of the things that actors and producers seem to find most difficult at the moment is the appreciation of prose style and how to catch it and project it. This company's speaking was woefully deficient. And that is only the beginning of wisdom. The refinements come exactly from this question of temperaments. The actors must be able to combine the ordinary techniques of comedy acting—the timing and the pointing of the lines—with the creation of vivid, intelligent and dominating personalities, with a strong dose of temperament. Unless the actress playing Barbara can give us the feeling of a religious temperament, half the meaning of the play is lost; and unless the actor playing Undershaft has beneath his surface blandness those formidable reserves of power which the last two acts call for, we are losing too much. Expert technique, tearing high spirits, a sense of style, a quick, intelligent and powerful personality—it is a lot to ask of actors. But without all of them we get only a shadow of that bubbling delight which is Shavian comedy.

T. C. Worsley

Honouring the Sage

Both on sound and on television, the BBC is doing the Shaw centenary proud.

On Home and on Third there have been talks and feature programmes. In three successive weeks the whole of *Back to Methuselah* was broadcast. *Saint Joan* and *You Never Can Tell*, and more talks, are yet to come. Of all dramatists, Shaw is perhaps the best suited to broadcasting on sound alone, since with him dialogue rather than action is paramount.

TV showed *The Devil's Disciple* on Sunday night. Last Friday there was a half-hour discussion of Shaw as a playwright. On Monday, at the tail-end of *Panorama*, seven minutes were devoted to Shaw.

This item might with advantage have been longer. (Another item, an interview with two business men, had no special televisual quality and could as well have been done on sound alone.) It started with some fascinating film of Shaw himself in extreme old age, as impish as ever. ("I'm a born actor myself—I like an audience—I'm like a child in that respect.") Then Malcolm Muggeridge conducted a discussion between Kingsley Martin and Hesketh Pearson. All three were shown in close-up throughout: this conveyed the full value of their faces (Mr. Muggeridge looking deeply tanned, like a fey, but wise, Indian), but made the gestures in which Mr. Muggeridge indulges so freely seem meaningless and distracting, since we had constant glimpses of dis-handed bits of his fingers or thumbs. It says much for the professional skill of these accomplished conversationalists that, in four or five minutes, they gave the impression of a rounded, even discursive, discussion, made several points that remained in the memory, and showed no trace of flurry, though the programme was running late after a breakdown—a circumstance apt to create tension in a studio.

Last Friday's discussion was quite different from this. It lasted half-an-hour; and the talk broke off now and then to allow the distinguished actors taking part—Mr. Esmé Percy, Mr. John Clements, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson—to read or recite extracts from Shaw's plays. It was rather touching to watch Dame Sybil re-live one of her great dramatic moments: she began reading Saint Joan's speech in the cathedral, just before her burning; then, as the words came back to her, she put the book down, took off her spectacles, and looked up . . . and her face seemed to grow visibly younger.

Mr. Benn Levy advanced the view that Shaw was a more essentially religious man than Eliot. ("There is an apprehension of sanctity in Joan that is absent from Becket.") It was also interesting to see Mr. Colin Wilson, author of *The Outsider*, young and untidy and a bit out of it himself at first among all these Garrick Club veterans, but paying a calculatedly extreme tribute to the last act of *Methuselah*, by which, he said, young writers a generation hence will be "obsessed."

In contrast with the BBC's lavish coverage, all the commercial programme companies have ignored the Shaw centenary completely. This cannot be merely because he is too "highbrow"; plays that could be so described occur on ITV (e.g., Elmer Rice's *Adding Machine* next Monday), and by ITV drama standards *Pygmalion* or *Major Barbara* would be acceptable entertainment. Presumably it is because programmes are cut to rigid series-patterns far ahead; there is little room for the once-only or *ad hoc* feature; and there may be nobody at Television House whose job it is to warn them in advance of a coming event of this kind.

* * *

Miss Caryl Doncaster's fifteen-minute series, *Look in on London* (ITV, Monday, 10 p.m.), is "pure" documentary: no fictional plot, no actors; some of the most daring and resourceful cameramen in the business showing London's essential workers on their jobs.

Next Monday we shall see how canal boatmen live and work. Last Monday's programme dealt with firemen. At first I thought that Miss Doncaster was over-underplaying the dramatic possibilities. There was some banal dialogue: "Tell me, what are the qualities you look for in a recruit to the Fire Service?" "Keenness . . . nerve for heights . . . intelligence." (As though he would have said "Apathy . . . tendency to faint on rooftops . . . stupidity"! It would have been more interesting still if he had said, as a New York fire chief once said to me: "Every fireman is a repressed or sublimated pyro.")

But this quiet opening was true to life, nine-tenths of which, in any job, is drudgery; and there was a vertiginous thrill in the interview at the top of two fully-extended ladders (three, presumably, if one includes one for the cameraman); and the climax—the alarm, the tumbling slide down the brass poles, the engines manned, started, and out in nineteen seconds—was wisely held back till the end and was not the less exciting for having been half-expected.

* * *

Television in the Making, edited by Paul Rotha (Focal Press, 25s.), brings together an impressive array of expert contributors: there are twenty articles under three general headings—*Programmes and Producers, Studios and Services, The Scope of Television*. The plans of a studio floor set up for a production of *Romeo and Juliet* will give the uninitiate an awe-inspiring glimpse of the complex physical apparatus of TV. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the book, however, is a comprehensive glossary of technical terms, including such agreeable slang as *high-hat* ("a low mounting for a film camera in the form of a vertical cylinder with a flange . . ."), *idiot sheet* (American for Teleprompter), and even our old friend *blimp* (a sound-proof case for a film camera or projector). If, in future, these or more learned terms (*acoustic perspective, Angstrom unit, ionospheric wave, genlock, lip-synch*) are tossed casually around here rather too often, readers will know whom to blame.

Tom Driberg

Neo-Unrealism

Singleness is a virtue not much prized in the studios; yet without it, what are the chances for either silly, irresistible fiction or the work of art? Most films fall hopelessly between: they can't hope to be good, but as many people as possible huddle together to prevent them from looking quite awful. An almost perfect specimen of the multi-minded, swell, sagging film is *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit* (Carlton). Now, I haven't read the novel (of course, there is a novel), but if it has a point it is that there is a type of safe, dissatisfied family man in what is called the $7,000 income-bracket. His wife gets restive, his children will grow up difficult, he hasn't the smile or the car he should have, he wears a grey flannel suit.

Such the type. At once come the counsels from all angles. Mr. Gregory Peck, handsomely distinguished, plays the part; and does he plod round in that nondescript grey? Of course not: beautifully cut blue for him. And the house in the leafy suburb—which his wife regards as the graveyard of all their hopes—isn't it the usual screen palace in CinemaScope, with the paint carefully rubbed off by the door-handles and some scratches on the stairs wall put there to catch the eye? Would it, with the miserable $7,000 a year, be impossible to touch them up? Couldn't a man in a grey flannel suit even do it himself? No, no, they're in real misery. Their washing-machine isn't working too well either.

So at once we are having it both ways: alert, handsome, successful Mr. Peck as the dull, hang-back failure, and middle-class poverty, looking to the average eye like riches beyond measure. In other words, commiseration and boost in the same breath. Starting with this unreality—and going on with it, by the way, for something like two-and-a-half hours—the film-makers have had to strain every talent to keep the thing going. Drama must be worked up: flashbacks to the war and to a love affair in Italy, the wife's rebellion, the daring bid—with the result never for a moment uncertain—for a bigger-paid job; the mystique of big business, with Fredric March appearing late on the scene, but compelling as ever. But even drama won't save this overblown tale. Melodrama must take over. Now voices are raised to a shriek, and the instant the shriek ends it is snatched up by violins; the wife learns about the old love affair, and drives out wildly into the night—yes, in that splendid car that's somehow not quite up to the mark; there must be forgiveness and a new understanding and a move to a better house, and the appearance of a sombre struggle in the mind of the man in the grey flannel suit now in danger of becoming a future millionaire who will never go home from the office. . . . He ends, of course, with the golden mean: 10,000 dollars rising, and the love of a wife who makes dyspeptic old lawyers bow in admiration. It's tripe from beginning to end.

And endless trouble and a great deal of skill have been expended by Nunnally Johnson, script-writer and director, and others to render the whole thing—which might have been made either socially revealing or melodramatically impulsive—palatable to all tastes. I can't believe that audiences won't yawn quite a bit through it, but also, I am afraid, they will be hypnotised into thinking, here's a big thing. So there we are. In the end the film-makers as well as we will have had it both ways.

This isn't the first time double-talk will have possessed the screen: quite the reverse, towards it tend most efforts to rise above an average. It is the diluted lifeblood of the American cinema, and merits a label of its own. Why not the horrible word at the top of this article?

William Whitebait

Correspondence

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

SIR,—I am turned sixty. My eyesight has never been very good. My hearing is not as keen as it used to be. I am so short that Winston Churchill once alleged, though it was a slander, that when sitting in my seat in the House of Commons my feet did not reach the floor.

I stood at the bar of the House of Lords for two days during the Second Reading debate in that House of the Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill. Yet, believe it or not, none of those who spoke in opposition to the measure seemed to have discovered a single one of these obviously conclusive flaws in my argument against capital punishment. Moreover, I was myself less conscious of their lordships' physical defects than of the speed, alacrity and especially numbers with which they poured through the "No" lobby.

They had a perfect right to do so. The House of Commons has an equally perfect right to make its will prevail, if on reflection it wishes to do so. No useful purpose is achieved in attacking the House of Lords for exercising the constitutional rights of which the Labour government left them in possession.

If anyone is at fault it is not the House of Lords but the government, for reasons which I have previously offered for consideration. But even the discussion of faults seems to me unprofitable. For myself, I would rather concentrate on persuading the House of Commons, having made up its mind what is right, to use the ample powers given it by the Parliament Acts to make its will prevail.

House of Commons. SYDNEY SILVERMAN

CHALLENGE TO ABOLITIONISTS

SIR,—I am glad Playfair and Sington have challenged abolitionists in a constructive way in your last issue. Plenty of newspaper space has been devoted to hanging, but it has always been difficult to get the alternative properly aired. But this does not mean that no thought has been given to the matter. Indeed, the Howard League and other abolitionists have for years been pressing for the proper treatment of psychopaths, in the face of general indifference by the public and politicians alike. The adequate treatment of a reprieved Christie arouses little fervour.

There are some points in their article which I should like to take up, however.

1. I know of no country that has brought in a bill which abolishes hanging and also deals with the treatment of aggressive psychopaths. The two subjects are difficult to combine, since only a few aggressive psychopaths are murderers. In any case, legislation for psychopaths is complex, works very badly in many countries, and is probably unnecessary here since the matter can be dealt with by administrative action.

2. Abolitionists are only too aware that there might be a public outcry when a "bestial" murderer is reprieved, but we think it will be a scream for revenge, not a demand for constructive treatment.

3. The East Hubert Institution will be completed in two years, even with the Treasury cut. With housing and hospital accommodation still so short, that is not altogether discouraging. About 30 murderers might be reprieved in that period, some of whom would swell the already existing number of aggressive psychopaths in our prisons and for *all* of whom the Howard League has long wanted proper treatment.

4. It is only fair to point out that the excellent methods used in Utrecht owe much to the pioneer work of Dr. Maxwell Jones who has been treating psychopaths in this country for 10 years now. They are mostly unconvicted, but even *within* our prison system, the "therapeutic community" at Wormwood Scrubs is in some ways an advance on the group therapy normally used in Scandinavian and American prisons.

5. Statistics of murder rates over sufficiently long periods, before and after abolition, are the *only* scientific way we can measure the effectiveness of capital punishment. They cannot be dismissed by those prepared to think objectively, and to listen to rational arguments. Whether the others can ever be convinced is a matter of doubt. At any rate, it is the great merit of the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment that it has made the facts available to a wide public.

HUGH J. KLARE,
Secretary
Howard League for Penal Reform.

PERSONAL FREEDOM

SIR,—In view of the current discussion on the case of Mr. John Lang of Imperial Chemical Industries and of the Labour Party's pamphlet, *Personal Freedom*, I should like to draw your attention to the recent statement by the executive committee of the Society of Labour Lawyers:

> The Society is of the opinion that no person, whether civilian or Civil Servant, should be dismissed from his post on security grounds, unless the grounds for taking action against him and the evidence in support of them have been examined by an independent tribunal, whose chairman should be a High Court judge.
>
> The general principle to be followed should be that a statement of the detailed grounds for the belief that such a person is a security risk should be given to him in good time before the hearing so that he may present evidence in answer.
>
> In exceptional cases where a Minister personally certifies that on the grounds of security this procedure should not be followed, the grounds and the evidence in support should, nevertheless, be placed before the tribunal. Moreover, a tribunal should in all cases hear all evidence from the informants upon whose statements the grounds are based.

GEOFFREY DE FREITAS,
Chairman
Society of Labour Lawyers.

LENIN'S TESTAMENT

SIR,—Mr. Andrew Rothstein is indignant with you for having accused Communists of misrepresenting the document known as "Lenin's Testament." Surely he cannot have forgotten the pamphlet entitled *The Truth About Trotsky*, by R. F. Andrews, which was published by the Communist Party in 1934? On page 68 the content of "Lenin's Testament" was thus explained: "He [Lenin] gave a *personal* criticism of Stalin as 'too rude' to be a good secretary . . . But when he came to Trotsky, Lenin said that his 'non-Bolshevism' was 'not accidental,' i.e., he gave a decisive *political* criticism."

This is, of course, sheer misrepresentation. What Lenin wrote was: "I will only remind you that the October episode of Zinoviev and Kameney was not, of course, accidental, but that it ought as little to be used against them personally as the non-Bolshevism of Trotsky." And it seems somewhat sharp practice for a writer who knows the whole text of "Lenin's Testament" to conceal from readers, in a passage purporting to give Lenin's final opinion about Trotsky, his description of him as "the ablest man in the present Central Committee."

It is a sign of grace, however, that Mr. Rothstein admits in his letter to you the "editing," as he calls it, of Stalin's speech of October 23, 1927, in the authorised version of his works: i.e., the omission of the quotation from "Lenin's Testament." Mr. Rothstein conspicuously refrained from mentioning this in his communications on the same subject published recently in the *Daily Worker*. It is, of course, only one of a number of such pieces of "editing" in Stalin's *Works*. One of the most glaring occurs in the article on the first anniversary of the October Revolution, which Stalin wrote in November, 1918. Comparing the version given in Volume 4 of the *Works* with that which appeared in the collection called *The October Revolution* published by Lawrence and Wishart in 1933, one finds that the following sentences are simply omitted: "All practical work in connection with the organisation of the uprising was done under the immediate direction of Comrade Trotsky, the president of the Petrograd Soviet. It can be stated with certainty that the party is indebted primarily and principally to Comrade Trotsky for the rapid going over of the garrison to the side of the Soviet and the efficient manner in which the work of the Military Revolutionary Committee was organised. The principal assistants of Comrade Trotsky were Comrades Antonov and Podvoisky."

Mr. Rothstein has long been famous as an exposer of error and falsification in books critical of Stalin's Russia; but he has never, I think, drawn attention to the tampering with texts which is a feature of the 13-volume official edition of Stalin's *Works*.

MARXIST

EUROPEAN ÉMIGRÉS

SIR,—The conclusions which Mr. John Freeman reaches from his observations in the People's Democracies seem to me both scandalous and deeply disturbing as coming from a democratic Socialist.

When liberation from any kind of oppression starts to become outmoded and useless to western Socialists, Socialism could as well pack up and advise its followers to join, according to personal inclination, either the Communist or the Conservative camp.

When Socialists start to believe in the ignominy and discredit heaped upon the *émigrés*, who became *émigrés* because they did not want any truck with oppressors of any shade, by those oppressors, it is to the discredit and shame of Socialists and not of *émigrés*. To whom do such *émigrés* do harm? To the efforts of the Communists to masquerade as latter-day democrats, which they will never be (cf. Krushchev's latest outbursts against the West, and Mr. Gerö's limitations of criticism), or to the cause of the people whom the Communists exploit and try to bamboozle at the same time? When Socialists start to put "normal relations" with the slayers and betrayers of their own comrades higher than Socialist solidarity and Socialist brotherliness, Socialism is indeed in a sorry plight.

By what authority does Mr. Freeman teach the martyrs and victims of oppression their jobs, when he advises them to go home and make their peace with evil? Would he do so in their case? British Labour used to have a healthy disdain for the sort of Marxist *realpolitik* and Jesuitical dialectics which Mr. Freeman now applies to the problems of Communism.

I have no room to contest Mr. Freeman's interpretation of the economic and social facts observed by him in the People's Democracies, but I defy his attempt to lay down the law for *all* Socialists by stating that "*any* Socialist must recognise as being his aim" the "social attitudes and economic pattern" which he describes in his Profile. I have been a Socialist since 1920; I don't (and I know more Socialists who don't) recognise their aims being put into practice in the People's Democracies.

HENRY HELLMANN
H.H. Reports on Continental and
Iron Curtain Countries,
60 Woodland Rise, N.10.

A LITTLE BANG AT BRECHT

SIR,—Mr. Worsley has spoilt his perfectly sensible criticism of Brecht's play with wild generalisations "Oh, for one undrunk monk", indeed! I'd be interested to hear how many of Brecht's forty-odd stage works his companion knows, or Mr. Worsley himself for that matter. Three-quarters of them are *not* set "in the remote past"; two of the most important are written entirely round the good behaviour of bad people or the bad of good; in the only other play where monks figure they are impeccably sober; the particular play whose faults are discussed by Mr. Worsley is so distasteful to Communist critics that the party paper in East Germany has deliberately ignored it.

And who are these Communists who are supposed to be "deifying" Brecht? He may be a great figure in East Germany, but he is not a party one, and I don't think that any of the English and Americans most concerned with Brecht's work is a Communist. Which are the "Communist accounts" of his productions—those productions which Mr. Worsley feels it an asset not to have seen? I don't know of any. Who else does your critic think is "just another Com-

munist ramp?" Picasso? All this loose talk is fearfully silly.

Mr. Worsley has evidently a more-than-rational dislike of Communism and perhaps a similar dislike of Germany as such; and he has no reaf idea of the relation of Brecht to either. I wish he would recognise this, and stick to the play in hand. To discharge all these prejudices six weeks before a foreign company's first visit seems both unnecessary and ungracious.

JOHN WILLETT

Le Thil-Manneville,
par Gueures,
Seine-Maritime.

SIR,—Why not wait until we have seen more Brecht? Let Mr. Worsley have the firing-squad all ready and lined up, but let him observe the decencies by giving Brecht a chance to state his case. Furibundity is as charming as nakedness, but Mr. Worsley's heroics betray him into the unwarrantable certainty "that *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk* would bore the pants off any average English audience." Why should it? Its politics are negligible, whatever Brecht's own affiliations, but its humanity is overwhelming in its intensity. And average, that is *un-London-West-End*, audiences would like Brecht's human vision and would find a great deal of delight in his fairy-tale approach. Brecht's drama has much in common with the pantomime, and Leeds is the home of that most infuriatingly predictable of art-forms.

Mr. Garten muddles the question finely by introducing Brecht's telegram. I can't find it in me to be anything but repelled by the playwright's gesture; it has nothing to do with his quality as a playwright, however—as well condemn Pirandello for giving his Nobel Medal to the War in Ethiopia Fund or his wearing of the *fasces*. After all we know just how silly artists can sound when they air their politics and their patriotism.

In conclusion, the elevation of Brecht is not the work of a few vociferous critics; there are many of us, possessed of a reasonably extensive knowledge of his drama and not altogether unaware of the plays of major dramatists, who modestly feel that Brecht is the only dramatist alive today with a vision so great as to compel him to make statements in play-form comparable in impact to those we find in the works of Wedekind, Pirandello and Giraudoux; and if, when history has had her say, they merge into the world of Ibsen, Strindberg and Chekhov, it may well be that Brecht will be of their *schiera* still.

FREDERICK MAY

The University,
Leeds, 2.

BANK CLERK LUCKY JIM

SIR,—The Lucky Jim correspondence has prompted me to write of those who have been churned out of our grammar schools since the first war at the age of 16, either because they were not bright enough to continue, or because their parents could not chance their remaining in case they failed to win their only way into a university—a scholarship.

Many thousands with a working-class background were "lucky" enough to gain a scholarship at 11, and matriculation at 16. Thereby they were qualified for nothing in particular, and so were snapped up by banks and insurance companies, who seem to have decided that these were just the half-educated supply of labour they wanted.

This, of course, is the usual indictment of the ridiculous 11+ system. But what is usually overlooked is the social result. In my case, none of my many relatives went to a grammar school, they are all working class, all earn more than I do, and they pity me in my white collar. They all tell me I am middle-class now, so how can I be a Socialist. At the other end of the scale are the Socialist intellectuals, who also look upon us with disdain. In short, many of us, far from trying to become more "middle-class," feel that we have been taken from our friends by our nonsensical social system.

This is a question of vital importance to the Labour Party. If all those in my position are continually regarded as bowler-hatted nonentities it is not surprising that few are converted to Socialism. But please remember that many, like myself, have a strong Socialist background, which I, for one, do not wish to lose. Yet no one seems to care; neither the workers nor the intellectuals who are so sentimental about them. So on polling day the X all too often goes against the Tory's name.

BANK CLERK

RELIGION ON THE AIR

SIR,—Mr. Oliver E. Ford is talking nonsense when he says that "agnosticism has not the slightest motive to crusade against Christianity." Huxley, *grand-père*, who coined the word "agnostic," spent quite a lot of his spare time in religious controversy—notably in his still highly amusing and readable quarrel with Gladstone about the Gadarene miracle.

Christianity is based on tradition; its upholders in the Huxley-Darwin epoch believed—and a solid and stolid majority even now believe—that the Bible is literally the revealed truth from God. In every field of research Huxley complained that he was confronted with the notice, "No Thoroughfare. By Order. Moses." And the BBC nowadays, like all corporations, does not really care about truth, but continues to boom out orthodoxy several times a day and does not like a clear-minded and courageous agnostic such as Mrs. Margaret Knight to discuss on the radio some of the legendary absurdities which form an integral part of Christianity.

By the merely negative part of the word "agnostic" Huxley simply meant that there were certain transcendental topics for ever outside the human intellect; for to cope with these problems—"these thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls"—the only instrument we had was the more or less refined grey matter in the imperfectly developed cerebral apparatus of a probably arboreal ape.

HAROLD BINNS

21 East Avenue,
Bournemouth.

SIR,—In 1945 I resigned from work as a Roman Catholic priest because I was not allowed to question in the Roman Catholic press our Catholic professions then that belief in liberty of conscience was a Roman Catholic "principle." In view of these professions, I am now rather surprised that not even a single Roman Catholic has come forward to support Mrs. Knight in her plea for fair shares for all on the air.

JOHN V. SIMCOX

SAINT QUIXOTE

SIR,—What superb Jesuitry on the part of John Raymond so to charm my friend and colleague Father Brodrick that he has reduced him to blarneyed silence. The sweetness and light which he discerns in the book is, of course, a well-known characteristic of us all, and it would be an intolerable frustration of nature, to say nothing of vocation, were we not lost in constant mutual admiration.

No doubt it is true that good wine should need no bush, but much of the advertisement deplored by Mr. Raymond (as some of his sources show) comes from those unable to recognise a good thing when they see it. All organised bodies ought to have a certain *esprit*, and (dare I say it?) the scribes of the *N.S. & N.* frequently display a consciousness of effortless, corporate superiority not entirely consonant with Socialist principles of self-analysis. Perhaps they would fail less in this matter if they boldly recognised how much this important principle derives from the Exercises of St. Ignatius. However, it is pleasant to know that Mr. Raymond thinks more or less kindly of us, and only the most jaundiced Jesuit could fail to be grateful to him for so lightheartedly robbing another great religious order by adding Alphonsus Liguori to Fr. Brodrick's long list of saints.

JOSEPH CHRISTIE, S.J.

114 Mount Street,
Grosvenor Square, W.1.

NO THUNDER FOR MARILYN

SIR,—Mr. Francis Williams underestimates the subtlety of The Thunderer in ignoring, apparently, the arrival of Miss Monroe. True, the event was not mentioned in its columns. But on Tuesday, July 17, *The Times* printed a cartoon by Herblock, from the *Washington Post*, on the subject of Mr. Arthur Miller's security hearings. Since these hearings occurred some time ago, and were only made topical again by the marriage and the journey, and since in any case few readers of *The Times* would have heard of Mr. Miller before, does it not follow that Sir William expects his readers to know what goes on in the world from less exalted sources? The indirect commentary appears as a tolerant acknowledgment of their understandable weakness. I am a *Times* devotee of long standing—I would feel I was missing something if I did not read it—or if I read it only!

D. E. C. EVERSLEY

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And *they* are asking whether *I* shall survive . .

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Shaw the Puritan

BERNARD SHAW'S puritanism was not a fad but an essential characteristic of his life and philosophy. G. K. Chesterton, referring primarily to his vegetarianism, put it down to æsthetic squeamishness. Others, curious about his sex life, have thought that Shaw was impotent. On this point he himself wrote emphatically in *Sixteen Self Sketches*—a work designed, late in life, to save his reputation from the Frank Harrises of this world. If they had his own version, then his biographers would be less tempted to speculate. He wrote: "If you have any doubts as to my normal virility, dismiss them from your mind. I was not impotent; I was not sterile; I was not homosexual; and I am extremely susceptible, though not promiscuously." He explains that though he was a virgin until he was 29, he was also an incorrigible philanderer, but of the kind who does not pursue women, but is pursued by them. Mr. St. John Ervine, in his new biography*, provides further details.

On the basis of Shaw's diary notes St. John Ervine shows that G. B. S. had not only, as we knew, a prolonged affair with Mrs. Patterson, but affairs of a sort with at least half a dozen other women. His diary even recalls his satisfaction that he remained a virgin after a long session alone with Mrs. Patterson, but it also gives the date on which he had his first "experience" with her. Afterwards she became an intolerable nuisance and made "scenes" (she was the model for Julia Craven in *The Philanderer*, and Blanche in *Widowers' Houses*). St. John Ervine puts the blame on her; Mr. Winsten, who was the constant recipient of Shaw's memories in old age, says that he almost drove the woman mad.† Both may be partly true, since it is clear that Shaw was a most unsatisfactory lover who was determined never for a moment to lose his head for any woman. St. John Ervine suggests that his first flirtation with a girl named Alice Lockett was his only romantic attachment; I can find no element of romance or of genuine love in the comic verses he addressed to her (he renamed her Sprockett), or in the teasing intellectual letters he wrote to her or, for that matter, to any of the other women who attracted him. His published correspondence with Ellen Terry is enchanting, affectionate, but without passion. Oddly, St. John Ervine does not even mention Bertha Newcombe, who, I've always understood, seemed likely to marry him—a view confirmed by two letters printed by Mr. Winsten. In the end he married Charlotte Townshend on a basis of pure companionship.

St. John Ervine suggests that this sexless marriage was entirely Charlotte's choice. I believe it was equally G. B. S.'s decision. He appears to have given Charlotte few causes for alarm, though there was one famous occasion on which she showed serious signs of jealousy when he made an appointment to meet Mrs. Pat, apparently for the purpose of love-making. What is important in all this is not the detail which naturally attracts biographers but the attitude to women which affected his work. The "strangely innocent" relation of King Magnus to Orinthia, or of Cæsar to Cleopatra—are only two instances of his desire to make his hero above normal relations with women. The key is in *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methuselah*.

His unchanging theory was that the daughters of Eve are biologically specialised; their main energies are necessarily absorbed in child-bearing. Men, on the other hand, have the capacity to store their sexual energy and transform it into creative work. Therefore, woman must pursue and fulfil Nature's purpose, but the unusual man, the artist and intellectual, may sublimate his sexual desires, escape from feminine possession, and give direction to the Life Force which must go on experimenting until a creature appears who is capable of making less of a horror and muddle than mankind has so far achieved.

How far was this Pauline philosophy a rationalisation of Shaw's own temperament? St. John Ervine, like other biographers, very properly emphasises the loveless nature of Shaw's childhood as part of the explanation. What is certain to my mind is that Shaw was never deeply in love. Everything is in his plays except passion. Critics have rashly suggested that he could not create real characters, that they are all simply mouthpieces in the great Shaw debate. This can be refuted by obvious examples, from Father Keegan to Candida. It is also nonsense that he was incapable of writing romantic drama; *The Devil's Disciple* was written in order to show the world that his preference for making the development of an idea rather than the development of human relations the stuff of his drama was deliberate. This explains the Epilogue of *St. Joan*, which has been a stumbling block to critics. It is, in fact, absolutely necessary to the play, which is not a melodrama about a girl who was burnt, but a dramatised version of the idea which was, in his view, embodied in Joan throughout the centuries.

Shaw had few intimate friends. In personal relations, he was gracious, generous and universally benevolent. St. John Ervine suggests that he was consistently generous in matters of money. Though he wrote for this journal for many years and refused to take a penny piece, I cannot agree. His treatment of Mrs. Pat, as revealed in their letters, always seemed to me extremely shabby, and in his later years he became what can only be called comically avaricious. He could not be persuaded that he should pay more to secretaries or dependants after the Second World War than he had before it, and although he had saved some £400,000, he persuaded himself that he would be beggared by income tax. But for the most part he became increasingly detached, like one of his own Ancients, relegating interest in love and art to the status of adolescent enjoyments, useful, as Don Juan says in the Hell scene, for training the mind, but distractions from the principal purpose of life. Unfortunately, he does not tell us what are the purposes of life for which everything else should be sacrificed. A Christian saint might have said the contemplation of God. Shaw changed this into co-operation with the Life Force.

I once had a conversation with Jung about Shaw. Having myself a veneration for him not far from idolatry, I had spoken of his detachment, his freedom from pettiness, his companionable but unfulfilled relationship with women, his freedom from those rancours which deface the stories of most literary men. Jung replied: "Oh, so Bernard Shaw is what you call a Peter Pan, is he?" His interpretation was not that Shaw had lived through the normal passions of men but that he had somehow evaded them. This I think was his strength and his weakness. It explains how he managed so far to dismiss sentiment from everyday life, and, to the scandal of the conventional, from death.

Mr. St. John Ervine treats Shaw's politics as a foolish aberration due to his accidental friendship with Sidney Webb. Himself a playwright of distinction and a seasoned dramatic critic, he naturally pays most attention to Shaw's plays. But his book is far less interesting than Hesketh Pearson's biography, through which there blew great gusts of Shaw's own high spirits. Pearson did not pretend to understand Shaw as a social thinker. St. John Ervine lacks this modesty, and his detestation of Fabianism is obsessive. If he had devoted a chapter to analysing Shaw's Socialism, he would have been entitled afterwards to attack it in vehement language. Instead, he discusses at length Shaw's relations with the Webbs and monotonously repeats that Fabianism is slavery. He quotes extensively from Mrs. Webb's diaries, which he oddly considers superficial, and gives, as an example of her "bitter rage" against Bernard Shaw, her account of the lunch when Shaw refused, with a flippancy which most of us will think inexcusable, to make any contribution to the defence of Roger Casement. The climax of St. John Ervine's political absurdity is reached when he says that G. D. H. Cole's "spiritual father" was Simon Legree!

G.B.S., wearing his comedian's mask, and exploiting his role as licensed jester, said many irresponsible and contradictory things. Desmond MacCarthy wrote to me not long before his death that he could find in Shaw nothing but "a chaos of clear ideas". Certainly two parallel and completely contradictory columns could be composed of Shaw's statements about individualism, education, crime and punishment, and other topical issues. He himself remarked that the clown in him was constantly tripping up the philosopher. But a book which understands Shaw as a whole has still to be attempted. St. John Ervine has not made the attempt. He simply dismisses as nonsense many of Shaw's most serious statements. Shaw showed, for instance, (and to my mind conclusively), that Jesus Christ was a pacifist; how else could anyone make sense not only of the Sermon on the Mount but of a life devoted to the thesis of spiritual victory through sacrifice? St. John Ervine retorts that Christ used strong words about the Pharisees and drove the money-changers out of the temple—as if pacifism had

* *Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends.* By ST. JOHN ERVINE. *Constable.* 50s.
† *Jesting Apostle.* By STEPHEN WINSTEN. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Bernard Shaw

His Life, Work and Friends

ST. JOHN ERVINE

To celebrate Shaw's centenary we have just published a book which those who knew the great dramatist will agree is the book about Shaw which had, above all others, to be written. Ervine was Shaw's close friend for forty years. He has had access to important unpublished material including Shaw's diaries. He draws striking portraits of Shaw's friends. He has written an outstanding Life of an outstanding man.

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some books to buy or borrow

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illustrated by Ronald Searle, is getting the reviews. "Glorious stuff", Sir Gerald Barry (*N. Chron.*); "Every shaft of Mr. Ship's satire hits the mark", R. A. Scott-James (*Observer*); "Superb illustrations" said Cassandra (*D. Mirror*); "Wittily devastating", (*D. Telegraph*). 8s. 6d.

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written on location in the Canaries with John Huston making his film "Moby Dick"; this impressive first novel gives a diverting account of an amazing collection of actors, technicians, fishermen and experts of all sorts. "A fascinating fact-and-fiction story", (*Star*); "The comedy is hilarious", (*E. Standard*). 15s.

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something to do with politeness, and the action of one man successfully ordering out a whole troop of others with a gesture and a rebuke was not an excellent instance of moral as against physical force! St. John Ervine recalls once again the story of Shaw's disagreement with Clifford Sharp, the first editor of the *New Statesman*, about publishing and altering his unsigned articles. But he does not even notice that Shaw became a frequent contributor to this journal after 1931 and wrote in it some of his best and most serious articles. They included (which should have interested St. John Ervine) a decisive criticism of the Irish Government for leaving the Commonwealth and a brilliant defence of that revolution in drama in which G. B. S. was the most powerful influence.

The reasons for Shaw's puerile defence of Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin (about whom he talked such nonsense that in the end, at his own suggestion, I threw one of his letters in the waste paper basket!) would have repaid study. It was no doubt partly due to his growing dislike of democracy, and to his flattering reception in Moscow. But it was also part of his theory that progress comes through great men. Sometimes, like Carlyle, he seemed to worship force, but in private conversation about politics I usually found him practical, reasonable and democratic. He had known and studied poverty; he knew that if people were not hungry and illiterate and frightened they would be better and happier and kinder. I find it hard to understand how anyone who compares the ordinary life of Dickensian England, or for that matter the England of fifty years ago, with that of 1956, can share St. John Ervine's doubt that Shaw was right. But Shaw did not make the mistake, which both Marxists and Fabians have often made, of assuming that to remove the evils of poverty is to produce some sort of Utopia. On the contrary, he saw, like General Booth, that it was only when people ceased to be hungry for food that they would begin to be hungry for religion. Much of his most important writing is an effort, which I personally find inspiring, to formulate the religion which he believed could save men's souls when the old myths had been exploded.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

To The Muses

In the fat butteries of the South
And in the North unknown to fame
The words are dead in the god's mouth,
The priest forsakes the sacred flame.

Language, once vital as our lives,
Maintains a perilous underground
With peasants and in jiving dives
Where transatlantic musics sound.

Old English with Old England dies
And dim Whitehall restrains the tongue,
The broadcast word's civilities
Infect the breath in every lung.

Fair Nine! Return to us again,
Return with pentecostal fire,
Revitalise the voice and pen
That now are starved of their desire!

GAVIN EWART

The Nun and the Dramatist

Cornhill Magazine. Summer 1956. *Murray.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

One of the most remarkable and revealing friendships of Bernard Shaw's life was with Dame Laurentia McLachlan, the Abbess of Stanbrook, whom he first visited in her convent in 1924, and with whom he corresponded until his death. His letters to her, now published for the first time (as an extract from a biography of Dame Laurentia by the nuns of Stanbrook which is to be published this autumn) reveal a side of his character which will be a surprise to many, for the Shaw who emerges is a man of deeply religious temperament whose intellect compelled him to reject all creeds, yet whose instinctive desire for God was a disturbing and conscious emotion throughout his life.

Dame Laurentia had been an enclosed nun for forty years when Shaw first visited Stanbrook Abbey and conversed with her at length through the parlour grille. The meeting was brought about by Sir Sydney Cockerell, who had long been an admiring friend of both, and wished to bring these two rare minds together. It was the year of *Saint Joan*: Sir Sydney had lent Dame Laurentia the play, and she had been impressed, though she naturally had some Catholic strictures to make; and when Shaw was staying nearby at Malvern Sir Sydney persuaded him to call. Their effect on one another was what he had predicted: Dame Laurentia behind her bars was charmed and amused, and Shaw responded at once, both to the monastic idea which she epitomised, and to the humour, scholarship and humanity of this remarkable woman. The talk was lively, for they were both people of vehement opinions, and soon they were exchanging books and arguments and Shaw was signing his letters "Brother Bernard."

The arguments, as one would expect, were largely religious, and Shaw was delighted to find an opponent who was not only witty and likeable and wise, but also eminently worthy of his steel. "I shall not bother Br. B. again," she wrote to Sir Sydney, after recounting her brisk correction of some of his heresies, "but when he next shakes my bars I shall make some further remarks." The bars were shaken, actually and metaphorically, at intervals during the next twenty-six years, and so great was their mutual liking and respect that the friendship bridged and survived their irreconcilable differences.

Nobody knows what Shaw did with Dame Laurentia's letters; they have disappeared; but his to her were faithfully kept, and they are incomparable reading. Who would have believed that he could have written a letter of thirteen pages of entrancing description from the Holy Land, describing even "the omnipresent stones, which you instantly recognise with a strange emotion. . . . The appearance of a woman with an infant in her arms takes on the quality of a vision." More than that, he brought her back two stones from Bethlehem as relics, "one to be thrown blindfold among the others in Stanbrook garden so that there may always be a stone from Bethlehem there . . . and the other for your own self." The personal stone he presented in a beautiful and costly silver reliquary; he was afterwards horrified by Sir Sydney Cockerell's suggestion that it should have an inscription explaining its purpose.

> Why can it not be a secret between us and Our Lady and her little boy? . . . If we could explain its purpose we could explain the universe. . . . If Cockerell thinks he can—let him try, and submit the result to the Pope. Dear Sister: our finger prints are on it, and heaven knows whose footprints may be on the stone. Isn't that enough?

In an interchange of such sincerity between two strong minds of utterly diverse beliefs, there was bound sooner or later to be a falling out, and a serious breach came in 1932 with the publication of *The Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God*. "Your letter has given me a

terrible fright," Shaw wrote to Dame Laurentia, when she had inquired, rather sternly, about the theme. "The story is absolutely blasphemous, as it goes beyond all the churches and all the gods. I forgot all about you, or I should never have dared." She demanded to see the book. He sent it, but confessed that he dared no longer show his face. The Abbess was outraged and wounded by what she regarded as his irresponsible blasphemies, and implored him, for his soul's sake, to withdraw the book. Characteristically, yet, one must believe, with his own sincerity, Shaw defended himself by maintaining that *The Black Girl* had been inspired, and was religious in intent.

> What happened was that when my wife was ill in Africa God came to me and said, "These women in Worcester plague me night and day with their prayers for you. What are you good for, anyhow?" So I said I could write a bit but was good for nothing else. God then said, "Take your pen and write what I shall put into your silly head." When I had done so, I told you about it, thinking that you would be pleased, as it was the answer to your prayers. But you were not pleased at all, and peremptorily forbade me to publish it. So I went to God and said, "The Abbess is displeased." And God said, "I am God; and I will not be trampled on by any Abbess that ever walked. Go and do as I have ordered you." . . . So I leave you to settle it with God and his Son as best you can; but you must go on praying for me, however surprising the results may be.

She did pray, and a year later they were reconciled through the ludicrous accident of Shaw's mistaking the Abbess's jubilee card for a memorial notice and sending the nuns a letter of condolence. When Dame Laurentia replied in person the joke was too much for them both, and their differences were swept away by laughter.

The nuns of Stanbrook prayed regularly for Shaw, and with a humility which was nearer the core of his spirit than any of the old surface effrontery, he was grateful for their prayers. "Do not forget me in them. I cannot explain how or why I am the better for them; but I like them and am certainly not the worse." "God must be tired," he wrote in his last letter (he was 94), "of all these prayers for this fellow Shaw whom he doesn't half like. He has promised His servant Laurentia that He will do His best for him, and we had better leave it at that."

MARGARET LANE

The Opposition

The Decisive Battles of the Western World, Vol. 3. By J. F. C. FULLER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 45*s.*

It is not often that we find military thinkers in close touch with the broad philosophical trends of their time, and the few examples which one can quote are not encouraging. The influence of Kantian idealism made Clausewitz almost unreadable, and fatally easy to misunderstand. Bergson's elevation of intuition at the expense of reason played no small part in shaping the lunatic plans of the French General Staff before the first world war. In England soldiers have tended to be, even more sharply than elsewhere, divorced from intellectuals. (Did Henderson read Bosanquet? Or Wavell Collingwood?) But General Fuller is both soldier and intellectual. For him war has never been a mere technical activity conducted in a political vacuum, but a function of social life as a whole. Consequently, his works deserve study, not simply by historians of military thought, but by all students of intellectual developments in Britain during the first half of the present century. He belongs to that generation of thinkers, the younger of whom are now reaching a serene and totally inappropriate old age, which exploded in such violent revolt against the smooth Liberal certainties of the era into which they were born. His peers are Lawrence and Wyndham Lewis, Hulme and Shaw, Péguy, Maurras and d'Annunzio: revolutionaries

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of the Right, disciples of Nietzsche or Carlyle, crying woe on a soft bourgeois civilisation which exalted material welfare at the expense of idealism and which pulled the Hero from his pedestal to erect in his place the standards of Mass Man. These are the thinkers who in our time have constituted the real Opposition; and it has been their lunatic fringe, with its negation of civilisation, its savage contempt for democracy, its elevation of Action and Energy in the place of value judgments, which constituted the Enemy before the menace of whom all the warring sects of the humanist church, Liberal and Socialist and Communist, suspended their internecine conflicts and took to arms.

After ten years of peace we can now perhaps examine that struggle more dispassionately. The voices of the Opposition, if unrepentant, are muted; and, as for us, we can now perhaps admit the justice of many of their criticisms and complaints. There is certainly much in General Fuller's latest volume which will make his readers choke with furious disagreement, for he has not changed the views which led him into such undesirable company before the war and made him so tragically unemployable during its conduct; but he states his case with a moderation which contrasts sharply with his pre-war polemics, and deserves at least our courteous attention. Even so, one must lament that this ambitious and in many ways definitive work, the masterpiece of one of the greatest military thinkers of our century, should be spoiled by one fatal flaw: the blindness of the writer to the values of that very society of the West whose conflicts he has set himself to describe. For him the two world wars were no more than clashes between incompatible economies. The scholarly accuracy with which he describes campaigns deserts him when he turns to politics. A conversation in which Balfour teased a solemn American envoy is cited as adequate proof that the first world war was rooted in the commercial rivalry of the British and German Empires. On even slenderer evidence Roosevelt is accused of manœuvring America into the second world war and provoking the Japanese to attack Pearl Harbour at the behest of the Wall Street Jews, Morgenthau and Baruch. All too often is the reasonable, magisterial exposition which constitutes the bulk of this volume interspersed with such wafts of fœtid air, stinking of past files of *Action* and the *Saturday Review*.

But it is worth ignoring these lapses for, such things apart, this volume is a worthy conclusion to a masterly and henceforth indispensable work. Merely as a piece of book-making it is an extraordinary achievement to present in a single volume so detailed, readable and accurate an account, not merely of the two world wars, but of the War of Secession, the Franco-German and the Russo-Japanese Wars as well. Nor can one dismiss all General Fuller's criticisms as wrong-headed: from the front bench of the Opposition he launches some pretty deadly shafts. He condemns Britain's untraditional and suicidal commitment to large-scale land warfare in 1914. He ably argues that America's entry into the first world war was a disaster—that but for this a compromise peace might have been reached in 1917 with America as honest broker, the German, Russian and Austrian Empires need not have collapsed nor the fabric of European life been so utterly destroyed. And in a thesis which is commanding an ever wider degree of support he attacks the policy of "Unconditional Surrender" which made so catastrophic the ending of the second world war and so precarious the peace which followed it. The Allied leaders, he justly remarks,

> looked upon the war as a contest between Christian and Apollyon, instead of regarding it as a surgical operation. They failed to understand that, what the scalpel is to the surgeon, war should be to the statesman, and whatever the causes of the war may be, should the aim of the statesman be purely destructive, then the activity of the soldier will become that of the slaughter-house. . . . To be a sane political instrument, war demands a sane political end.

No words could be wiser nor criticism more just. But perhaps they fail to take into account certain deplorable and apparently unavoidable aspects of democratic warfare. Churchill's war aim of "Victory at all costs" may have been politically unwise, but it was, in the summer of 1940, the only way of rousing the British people to make the effort necessary to avoid defeat. Democratic leaders can make their peoples fight only by awakening a crusading spirit which cannot then be allayed at will. In the atmosphere of 1940-44 a compromise peace leaving the German Army and industrial resources intact was politically unthinkable; and, in war as in peace, politics is the art of the possible. This vital element in modern war, that of public opinion, total mobilisation and democratic control, is one which General Fuller nowhere adequately considers: for him, apparently, warfare remained until the end an affair of soldiers and statesmen, unfettered in their choice of means and ends. It is a curious mistake for so profound a thinker. But the area of choice confronting statesmen is always overestimated by the Opposition—especially when it has itself never been unfortunate enough to wield that authority so badly misnamed "power".

MICHAEL HOWARD

Bad Samaritans

Harvest of Hate. By LEON POLIAKOV. *Elek.* 21*s*.

I had always assumed that Mr. Reitlinger had written the last word about Hitler's extermination camps. Now Mr. Poliakov has proved me wrong. *The Final Solution* was a masterpiece of cold, clinical research. *Harvest of Hate* is a bigger book with a wider sweep. First Mr. Poliakov gives us a comprehensive picture of racial persecution in Hitler's New Europe and documents it with a mass of material previously unpublished. Then he analyses how the responsibility for the crimes was shared between Nazis and non-Nazis, between Germans and non-Germans. Surprisingly, he tells us that the Bulgarians, Slovaks and Italians were the most courageous and successful saboteurs of Hitler's "final solution". In these countries thousands of Jews were saved, whereas in Rumania, for example, the task of the German exterminators was made easier by the strength of local anti-Semitism.

Mr. Poliakov's contention is that, even in a totalitarian state, the Government cannot act in ways which are profoundly repugnant to the nation. To support this contention he retells the story of Hitler's attempt to kill off the senile and insane in German public institutions. This operation had to be stopped within a few months because it shocked the German conscience and led to protests by the Protestant and Catholic Churches. Unfortunately, when it came to exterminating the Jews, the number of conscientious objectors dwindled not only in Germany but all over Europe. In France, for instance, whereas French Jews were both protected by the Resistance and active participants in it, foreign Jews were surrendered to the SS without much compunction. In Poland the situation was even worse. Not until the last days of the Warsaw ghetto was the Resistance willing to supply arms to the Polish Jews or treat them as allies. Because the Eastern European Jews were regarded as a foreign element, the indignation was lacking which could have frustrated Hitler's extermination plans. Occupied Europe did not care enough.

Mr. Poliakov goes on to remind us very gently of two sins of omission which facilitated the "final solution". The first of these was committed by the Vatican. Though many individual Catholic Bishops did their duty, the Pope never issued one clear condemnation of the Jewish persecution so long as the Third Reich endured. Had he done so, the Church, as Mr. Poliakov points out, would undoubtedly have suffered economic loss and persecution. But if he had been prepared to accept these risks, the Pope could almost certainly have frustrated the "final solution".

The second tacit accomplice was, of course, the British Government. Even after the existence of the extermination camps was known to it, H.M.G. continued its rigid control of immigration into Palestine. Thousands of Jewish survivors were refused entry to the National Home, and countless others died in the Third Reich because they knew of the British blockade and did not try to break through it. Of course, there were excellent reasons of state for the British attitude, but we can be fairly sure that, if Eastern European Jews had been our own kith and kin, a way would have been found to grant them certificates. In this respect the British Government was no better than Vichy and no worse than the Vatican. The horrid truth is that no Christian Church or Christian Government was prepared to risk very much in order to save the remnants of the Jewish people.

Harvest of Hate belies its sensational title. It is a noteworthy contribution to the history of our times and I am glad that at last it has appeared in this country. Unfortunately, however, the publishers have been content to reprint an American translation from the original French and to leave two sets of footnotes—some are collected in an appendix while others appear on the page. Nor has any attempt been made to provide an English bibliography. As a result, we are referred to a Dutch edition of the Kersten *Memoirs*, while Rauschning's books are mentioned sometimes in French and sometimes, inaccurately, in an English translation from the French. The addition of no less than three Introductions—by François Mauriac, Reinhold Niebuhr and Lord Russell—scarcely atones for this slovenliness. What this remarkable book required was not a triple puff but an adequate English edition.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Scrutator

L. H. Myers: A Critical Study. By G. H. BANTOCK. *Cape.* 15*s*.

This is a book in the *Scrutiny* tradition, whose vices and virtues it largely shares. When *Scrutiny* closed down, every London reviewer produced a wreath proportional to his guilt complex: it was like the funeral of some shrewd, stern headmaster who'd died of heart-failure while caning the whole school. Even now, with pants and passions cooling, it's hard to discuss the subject light-heartedly or objectively—without, that is, being taken for an imbecile of one kind or another. The Cambridge English School, indeed, is still archaically divided into disciples and dogmatic opponents. Critical independence is rare. Dr. Leavis's aim is to foster it: but too much of his time has had to be spent lambasting the lovable old layabouts who mistake Jane Austen for a feminine Trollope; and, as a result, his more unquestioning followers have been betrayed into the smug, contemptuous dogmatism of critical technocrats facing the world of Mrs. Dale. As recent correspondence in this journal has shown, anyone who deplores these tendencies is simply asking to be heckled; and the multiplicity of un-O.K.-names used by the hecklers (Wimsey, Wodehouse, Waugh, etc.) suggests that militant Scrutators are no mean connoisseurs of the literary smear. "*Scrutor* . . . perh. lit. 'to rummage among rubbish heaps'"—I quote my Latin dictionary.

It would be unfair to suggest that the work of L. H. Myers merited this description. His acute and sensitive mind is a disturbing, fascinating study; and Mr. Bantock's book is a mine of suggestive quotations and analyses that read better here than in Myers's novels themselves. *The Root and the Flower* is undoubtedly the best; but even this, despite its philosophical affirmations, is curiously abstract and awkward, loaded with "beautiful descriptions" that recall the worst of Lawrence. Dr. Leavis himself has admitted, indeed, that Myers "is not primarily a novelist."

> Yet [he continues] he is sufficiently one to have

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THEY MUST HAVE HAD A WORD FOR SCHWEPPERVESCENCE

made of *The Root and the Flower* a very remarkable novel. Anyone seriously interested in literature is likely to have found the first reading a memorable experience and to have found also that repeated re-readings have not exhausted the interest.

Without actually citing this footnote from *The Great Tradition*, Mr. Bantock virtually takes it as his text. In a biographical sketch dutifully relegated to Chapter VII, he describes Myers's childhood and youth—son of F. W. H. Myers, brought up in a firmly intellectual atmosphere at Cambridge; sent to Eton; living aloofly abroad and in England; rejecting one by one the various social groups in which he found himself; at last—in 1944, at the age of 63—making the final rejection of suicide. Fastidiousness and rejection are the recurrent twin themes of his novels, from *The Orissers* to *The Pool of Vishnu*. They are philosophical novels, that is, which seek to uncover the essentials beneath the accepted insincerities of social habit. They are "civilised" in their moral discrimination, but they reject "civilised living" even where this means more than merely Gracious Living. They are self-conscious and highly "intellectual"; but although they refuse to sell out to unselfconsciousness or philistinism, they remain dissatisfied with a merely critical intelligence. In a sense, they illustrate Nietzsche's dictum: "*Alles Leben ist Streit um Geschmack und Schmecken.*" In another sense, they reveal a prolonged emotional adolescence, an inhibiting fastidiousness, expressed with the intelligence of an adult who knows the limits of purely cerebral communication. Myers's work, in fact, is an object-lesson in "divided sensibility."

All this Mr. Bantock hints at in his minute and laborious summaries of Myers's plots. He admits the novels' limitations—so candidly, at times, that one wishes he'd expound their virtues. He quotes brilliantly and extensively, exposing some sticky passages; but nowhere does he draw any profound conclusion from Myers's abstractness and *gaucherie* with words. All is well, it seems, if a novelist expresses the right sentiments: don't shoot the pianist, he's doing his best. But the texture of Myers's writing might suggest to a psychiatrist or a more perceptive critic that his fastidiousness was imperfect and his laudable philosophy insufficiently "felt." Perhaps it's too much to ask such a judgment of Mr. Bantock, who tends to labour the obvious and sometimes disguises mental sloppiness with spurious verbal precision. Such, however, are the defects of *Scrutiny's* qualities—punch, practicality, freshness, erudition, and dissatisfaction with the somnolent flabbiness of carpet-slippered bookmen. Many of these qualities Mr. Bantock shares; but his book, like those of other Scrutators, reminds one that the new orthodoxy might one day grow as flabby as the old.

RICHARD MAYNE

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NELSON

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Ingenious and Useful

Robert Hooke. By MARGARET 'ESPINASSE. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Sir Kenelm Digby. By R. T. PETERSSON. *Cape.* 25*s.*

I must admit I had hardly expected to enjoy a life of Robert Hooke, that seventeenth-century mechanical genius the mere list of whose inventions bewilders the lay reader. His hearing machines, sounding machines, spring-watches, quadrants, air-pumps—these have now been absorbed into our scientific life, and lack the sublime quality of the discoveries of Harvey and Newton. Besides, was he not very bad-tempered? The *D.N.B.* refers censoriously to his "bad manners", his "sordid", "penurious" habits, his mind "warped by congenital infirmities of body and temper". Must we, I asked, read the dull, eremitical life of this brilliant but cantankerous clockmaker who irritated the Olympian scientists of his time by his nagging claims of mechanical priority?

The answer is, we must. Mrs. 'Espinasse has written a brilliant book which not only vindicates Hooke's private life and real genius, and does it in lucid and eloquent prose: it also explains the long neglect into which he fell after his death and makes some profound and illuminating observations about the character of Newtonian and pre-Newtonian science. Her arguments totally convince me; the humanity of her style enchants me; seldom have I read a more fascinating book on a subject which most scientists contrive to render difficult and tedious.

By "pre-Newtonian science" Mrs. 'Espinasse means the science of the late seventeenth century, the science of Wilkins and Boyle, Hooke, Wren, Petty and the early Royal Society. It is true this was the period in which Newton was actually making his great discoveries, but Newton's triumphs did not emerge from the cloister till the beginning of the next century, and therefore we may accept this terminology of convenience. What was the character of this "pre-Newtonian" period? It was, says Mrs. 'Espinasse, essentially practical. "Pure" and "applied" science were not then separated. Nature was studied in order to advance the "useful arts". As Bishop Sprat, the contemporary historian of the Royal Society, wrote, "by bringing Philosophy down again to men's sight and practice, from whence it was flown away so high", the Royal Society fortified science and imbedded it in human society. Moreover, human society, or at least the society of scientists, was democratised by the process. The speculative scientist and the mechanic were colleagues in the same quest. And what an exciting quest it was! Enthusiasm bubbles up in the writings of all these men. Today scientists are remote, terrifying creatures whose every new discovery seems to bring us nearer to universal destruction; but then all was confidence as Nature, little by little, but everywhere, was opening her secrets for the use and delight of man. "What a prodigious variety of inventions in anatomy has this latter age afforded!" exclaimed Hooke, as he began an enthusiastic catalogue of success, and he dwelt with delight on the "pleasing and lovely colours", the "delicate, strong and convenient" devices of Nature which his microscopes revealed. "'Tis a pleasant spectacle", wrote Glanvil, with the enthusiasm of a huntsman, "to behold the shifts, windings and caprichios of distressed Nature, when pursued by a close and well-managed Experiment". This is the spirit of Aubrey, also a Fellow of the Royal Society, with his universal curiosity, and of Pepys, also fascinated by ingenious and useful devices; and, indeed, Hooke's diary—whose publication 20 years ago really killed the old picture of him as a cantankerous hermit—sometimes reads like Pepys or Aubrey:

> To Martin's and Garaway's Club: Ludowick Hill, Aubrey, Wyld. Discoursed about Universal Character, about Preadamites and of Creation; about insects. I mentioned all vegetables to be female. I told Wyld and Aubrey of flying. Wyld cold. Drank port.

Such was the world in which the universal genius of Hooke throve. His versatility was incredible. As an architect, in the rebuilding of London, he was second only to Wren; as an astronomer he was second only to Newton, whose theory of gravitation he forestalled. He was right about fossils, right about combustion, though it was long before he was vindicated. He discovered numerous scientific truths before they could be applied. He transfused blood, measured vibration by sound, observed the rotation of Jupiter, advanced optics, discovered the nature of sponges. He invented "all the meteorological instruments". And yet for two centuries he was almost forgotten, or remembered only with distaste as a disagreeable and miserly mechanic. How did it happen?

The answer, says Mrs. 'Espinasse, is Newton. Partly it was Newton's personal revenge—he hated Hooke, and his hatreds were lasting and strong. Partly it was the change of scientific climate in the "Newtonian" age. Already in Hooke's own day there were some who disliked such vulgar utilitarian science. The public orator of Oxford University naturally took the lead, declaring sourly that the members of the Royal Society could admire nothing but fleas, lice and themselves; and in 1693 Locke could write that the purpose of science to a gentleman in "this learned age" was "to fit himself for conversation". Newtonian science was not applied: it was majestic, olympian, "pure." Newton, voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone showed "that it was possible to be the greatest living scientist without any lower-class conversation". "The Royal Society of the early eighteenth century", says Mrs 'Espinasse,

> was dominated by Newton himself, by rarefied astronomy and physics, and the universities began to labour to interpret the Newtonian laws, while the development of the steam-engine was left to a blacksmith, Newcomen, and the chronometer for ascertaining the longitude was constructed by Harrison, a carpenter.

These were the disdained successors of those great precursors, Hooke, Boyle and their friends.

To go back one generation, from Mrs. 'Espinasse's life of Hooke to Mr. Petersson's life of that tedious *virtuoso* Sir Kenelm Digby, is to drop down with a very severe bump. Digby would have agreed with Locke. He was a gentleman who knew everyone worth knowing and dabbled in bogus science to "fit himself for conversation". In the intervals of bad politics and popery he invented a "sympathetic powder" and married a fashionable courtesan. He is utterly unimportant: a figure of the salon, the gossip column—and the Book Society. Mr. Petersson knows his audience. His historical equipment is flimsy, but he has a certain uncritical industry and can clothe the result in the appropriate style of journeyman's purple. There have already been four lives of Digby, none of them good. This is the fifth. With some alarm I see that a sixth is in the offing, which "promises to be an absorbing and reliable book". Aubrey dealt with Digby in six pages: really that is enough.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Line-Men and Mass-Men

Italy Builds. By G. E. KIDDER SMITH *Architectural Press.* 56*s.*

The Modern Church. By EDWARD D. MILLS. *Architectural Press.* 30*s.*

Eric Mendelsohn. By ARNOLD WHITTICK. *Leonard Hill.* 46*s.*

Sun and Shadow. The Philosophy of an Architect. By MARCEL BREUER. Edited by PETER BLAKE. *Longmans.* 50*s.*

The Japanese House and Garden. By TETSURO YOSHIDA. *Architectural Press.* 60*s.*

The remarkable cultural prestige won by Italy since the War rests on firm foundations, though the enthusiasts, drunk with *caffé espresso*, have tended to exaggerate. Rome has yet to eclipse Paris. Mr. Kidder Smith is certainly an enthusiast, but usually succeeds in keeping his head clear. A practising architect and American college professor, he has recorded his admiration in an engaging scrapbook, *Italy Builds*. The long introductory section devoted to "the inheritance" contains much that is arbitrary and questionable, but once embarked upon a survey of the present state of Italian architecture, Mr. Kidder Smith's professional competence asserts itself. The style may be graceless; the honesty of judgment and powers of compression cannot be questioned.

Although there has been real distinction in design as in painting and sculpture, Italy's architectural contribution to the last decade has not in fact been particularly impressive. Architecture is still largely in a pre-1939 stage, with labour cheap, prefabrication uncommon, and little sense of social purpose or state responsibilities in planning. (There is not one properly designed school, compared with the several thousand here.) One figure of major importance has however emerged. This is the architect-engineer Pier Luigi Nervi, designer of warehouses, factories, storage tanks, a casino, and an exhibition hall in Turin which is in Mr. Kidder Smith's opinion "with Le Corbusier's *Unité* at Marseilles, the most significant building erected in Europe since the War." This is high praise, but not unmerited. Nervi works within a restricted field, but to dismiss him as a master of vaulting is to ignore the sense of surprise and wonder that a Nervi roof arouses. He is indeed one of the great manipulators of architectural form. Like Le Corbusier and the Brazilian Oscar Niemeyer he possesses that rare quality of conceiving whatever he is building as a mass, an object in space. He really thinks in three dimensions.

Perhaps this seems more remarkable than it is from this side of the Channel. Kindly critics like Professor Pevsner and Professor Mario Praz have made us aware of national inadequacies in this respect, the latter pointing out that "space is usually conceived of as linear and flat by the English." Most English architects do think two-dimensionally; if they move into depth at all it is in terms not of mass but of intersecting planes. Genuine three-dimensional thinking might have improved the *shape* of the otherwise admirable Festival Hall. This is not to say that the line-men are inferior to the mass-men, only that they produce a different kind of architecture. And admiration for Nervi or Niemeyer is probably dangerous for the English architect who would do better to keep his eyes on the purer, more intellectual, style of Mies van der Rohe or the early Le Corbusier.

One has to specify *early* Le Corbusier, in view of one of the recent buildings of this remarkable man—the chapel at Ronchamp in the Vosges. This is briefly illustrated in Mr. Mills's *The Modern Church*, an excellent practical handbook for churchbuilders which takes its examples from many of the major artists and architects of our day. Le Corbusier seems to feel, as I think does Basil Spence at Coventry, that functional simplicity is not enough for a modern church. There must be an element of the mysterious, the emotional, the irrational. It is this quality that helps

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LONGMANS

account for the curious similarities between the chapel at Ronchamp and that masterpiece of expressionist architecture, the Einstein Observatory Tower that Eric Mendelsohn built at Potsdam in 1920. A German not connected with the Bauhaus, Mendelsohn was the outsider of the modern movement, and even with the aid of Mr. Whittick's definitive monograph, it is very difficult to place him. Mr. Whittick himself has no doubts; Mendelsohn is the representative architect of his age, romantic to Gropius's classic. And indeed one can today show more patience than ever before towards the man who pronounced functionalism a transitional phase and who sought to express the purpose of his buildings through symbolic use of forms. As Mr. Whittick explains, the rounded shapes and deep window-recesses of the Einstein Tower are expressive both of optical instruments, and of the mystery of the universe which the astronomers and physicists dream of penetrating.

Mendelsohn was a man of greater originality than the subject of the second monograph, Marcel Breuer. Nobody can question Breuer's achievement as a furniture designer; he was the first to use tubular steel frames and laminated plywood for chairs and tables. As an architect, however, he so often appears in collaboration—with F. R. S. Yorke, with Walter Gropius, with Nervi and Zehrfuss—that one can't decide whether his personal contribution amounts to more than honest craftsmanship. Though adequately covering Breuer's work and allowing the architect room to develop a not very coherent philosophy, Mr. Blake increases suspicion by his somewhat disingenuous technique of suppressing practically all mention of Breuer's associates.

At first it might appear that *The Japanese House and Garden* has little relevance to the architecture of the modern movement. Under Mr. Yoshida's learned tutelage we move into a dignified world of *tokonoma* and *tana*, of *shoji* and *shoin*, which has that charm and utter strangeness to Western ways of thinking and living that Arthur Waley's translations from the Japanese possess. Yet this is deceptive. As the publishers rightly point out, the traditional Japanese methods of house-building accord very closely with Le Corbusier's principles of modular construction. The Japanese house is a framework building in which the size and shape of every room, every ceiling, door, cupboard, beam, is standardised. The unit of measurement, or module, to which everything is related is the 6 × 3-foot floor-mat. Such standardisation not only makes construction easy, it allows for real self-expression on the part of the occupier, for within the framework the interior can be planned with complete freedom, and altered with little difficulty. Partition walls may be rearranged at will, the size and number of rooms being made to depend on family and season. Given, too, such civilised notions as the need to integrate house and garden, or to make sure the bathroom has a good view, it is plain indeed that in domestic architecture we have much to learn from the Japanese.

ALAN BOWNESS

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Peter Perry. By MICHAEL CAMPBELL. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Claudine at School. By COLETTE. Translated by ANTONIA WHITE. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The lion, the harp and the lilies, Marianne, Cathleen na Houlihan and the Bruce—each of these novels is a supremely national article, the quintessence of its environment, with all the charms that such particularity implies, and remarkably few of the drawbacks. Mr. Kennaway's Highland regiment skirls away in a fine Jacobite lament for its battalion hero; the great Colette, casting charm to the winds, throws up the sashes of her provincial schoolroom, revealing the chattering monkey-house within. As for Mr. Campbell, sure his book's the fair city itself, a pure evocation of the splendid lines I found the other day in a volume of Mr. G. M. Young's essays:

> Och, Dublin city there's no doubtin'
> Bates every city upon the say:
> 'Tis there you'll hear O'Connell spouting,
> And Lady Morgan making tay.
> It is the capital of the finest nation
> Wid charming pisantry on a fruitful sod,
> Fighting like divils for conciliation,
> And hating each other for the love of God.

Mr. Kennaway's *Tunes of Glory* is the best first novel I have read this year. Set within the high walls of a regimental barracks, it plays out the drama of Acting Lieutenant-Colonel Jock Sinclair, D.S.O. (and bar), and the new battalion commander, Basil Barrow, M.C.: Sinclair is the ranker who came into the regiment "by way of Sauchiehall Street, Barlinnie Gaol and the band," Barrow's Eton and Oxford, languages, special duties, a Sandhurst lecturer, etc. The first steadied his men in the desert, in Italy, France, Germany and Palestine; the second "was taken prisoner fairly early on". Out of such disparities Mr. Kennaway has built up a fine conflict of wills.

The book opens by plunging us into a tremendous whisky-jag in the mess on the night of Colonel Barrow's arrival. It ends with Jock Sinclair planning the Colonel's funeral:

> It was soon clear that the plan anticipated was the sort of funeral usually reserved for heroes who were also generals. The first picture Jock gave them of the long winding column of men, the music and the mourners, opened their eyes to the scale of the thing. There had not been such a funeral from Campbell Barracks in a hundred years, and there had been a score of colonels since then.

Pipes, drums, a gun carriage, the colonel in full regimental scarlet, "even if it has to be tailored tonight." No wonder the R.S.M. murmurs "Dammit, Monty couldn't expect anything more than this." Mr. Kennaway's novel is a fine blend of melodrama and realistic "shop," a hero larger than life set off by a great deal of shrewd characterisation and some excellent sub-plot. The writer knows his post-war Army and just how much it has changed:

> . . . But the officers at Campbell Barracks were deceptive. . . . Whether or not it was a matter for regret, it was now an error to believe that the Regiment was commanded by asses. The billiards game next door was not being played for a guinea or two. The officers were not familiar with all the faces they saw in these magazines. Nor were they bored. They were a set of anxious and ambitious men, and some were extremely shrewd. Indeed, the only thing they shared with their fairy-tale forefathers on the walls was their vanity, and even this took different forms. Sandy Macmillan was one of the few whose vanity resembled the old set's. He wore his hair a trifle longer than the regulations formally demanded, he was a scratch golfer, he was never seen out of barracks in a uniform and he wore dark glasses when he drove his sports car. He was lying in one of the deepest chairs that afternoon and his battledress was unbuttoned at the cuff. His stockings were nearly white to make his brown knees look browner and he hoped soon to be posted to Fontainebleau on some United Nations lark.

It is an extraordinarily mature and successful achievement for so young a writer.

From Haig to Jameson's and the city "where people believe in being themselves almost to the point of madness." Peter Perry is a tall, gaunt old woman, thin as a rake, with blackened teeth, a chain-smoker's eye, and the strangest of vocabularies, an eccentric able to make her mark even in St. Stephen's Green. Once she was a squirearch, once she was on the stage, once she was married to Captain Perry, the finest gymnast in the British Army. Now she is one of Dublin's weird sisters, living on tick, mooching about her grim apartment, downing neat whiskeys, singing out her woes ("I'm going to be ill to-morr-ow," etc.), remembering what Yeats said to her.

Mr. Campbell, younger brother of the Patrick Campbell who has made us laugh for so many years in the *Sunday Dispatch*, is a brilliant comic writer, and he has written an extremely funny book. But this is not all he has done. Like Miss Honor Tracy, he believes in taking a rise out of the Dubliners and in his golden girls and brothy boys—variety comedians, car-hire-men, lady novelists with the Gaelic—he does so admirably and with a modicum of malice. His other literary affiliation is with Mr. Patrick Hamilton and the *genre* that I have privately christened the Literature of the Confidence Trick (it is a distinguished tradition, descending from Captain Wragg in Wilkie Collins's *No Name* and probably further back than that). He has written an amusing and vivid first novel.

Finally, Colette, in one of Miss Antonia White's impeccable translations. Though her most discerning admirers rave about *Claudine à l'Ecole* (1900) I must admit that it is my least favourite of her novels—so little charm and *joie de vivre*, so much lechery and sharpness! The lanky Anaïs, the stupid Marie Belhomme, the Lesbian headmistress and her flirtatious doxy, the bottom-pinching, ear-tweaking Superintendent, the Marseillais music-master eternally rolling his rs—what a ruttish lot they all are! The peaches and cats and nectarines and crowded summer nights of the later books have been contracted to a crowd of simian little girls, ogling, simpering, whining, nibbling at blue lead pencils and cigarette papers. *Zéro de Conduite* for Colette!

JOHN RAYMOND

Down From Helicon

Essays by Divers Hands. Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

The Royal Society of Literature was founded in 1823 by King George IV, and numbered Coleridge among its first members. It has for many years published volumes of its Transactions. Past presidents have included Lord Lytton and Lord Wavell. It does not appear to be learned or authoritative like the Royal Society, nor of wide popular appeal like the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. On the evidence of the present volume it would be difficult to say what it stands for, or what its standards are. A number of the contributors have had distinguished careers in fields other than literature; most have civil or military decorations.

The volume is prefaced by Mrs. Angela Thirkell who writes of poetry, the subject of most of the lectures here reprinted: "She often comes down from Helicon to the market-place and mingles with the crowd. . . . I am far behind the trend of modern poetry, so I come to these essays as a grateful learner, not as a critic." Mrs. Thirkell then pays each of the writers a few graceful compliments, but she does not tell us how much she learned from them about the trend of modern poetry. This was tactful enough, for the nearest that any of the contributors gets to modern poetry is Mr. C. Day Lewis in his appraisal of the influence of Frost on Edward Thomas.

Or is it Viscount Norwich, lamenting that Kipling, the greatest writer of his age, was cheated out of due recognition by the machinations of the

left-wing press? I think that in fairness to his audience in the market-place Lord Norwich might have told them that this was also the age of Hardy, Conrad, Yeats, James, Moore, Shaw and a few others. The subject of his contribution is Keats, about whom he made the amazing discovery that he was *not* snuffed out by an article, as Keats's wicked radical friends gave out; nor, we are told, was Fanny Brawne a heartless flirt. We are also told, by the way, that Bridges was "an impeccable judge of poetry." Did Lord Norwich know Robert Bridges's opinion of *The Wreck of the Deutschland*?

Viscount Esher writes on "Tennyson's Influence on his Times." He discovers, apparently in triumphant vindication of the rightness of his own judgment all along, that "the reaction in favour of Tennyson has arrived." His own admiration is based on the idea that Tennyson was the arch-propagator of illusions. Why does this make Tennyson great? "Life on this uncomfortable planet," Lord Esher writes, "is only made tolerable by the glittering garment of illusion with which instinctively we cover the bleak and melancholy facts of life."

I do not want to suggest that the whole of this book has been written by disillusioned boffins. Mr. Day Lewis's discriminating and well-documented study of Thomas has already been mentioned. Mr. E. V. Rieu, one of the best of living translators, offers a scholarly "Modern Approach to the Gospels." But perhaps the best and most original article, almost justifying the whole symposium, is by a Frenchman, Professor Louis Bonnerot, who contributes an illuminating study of one aspect of Coleridge's many-sided genius.

One must, I know, try to be broad-minded and welcome the expression of opinions different from one's own. But there is, about most of this book, such a dilettante air, such evidence of sheer ignorance of recent critical trends, such consistent avoidance of anything alive and growing that one's tolerance is admittedly strained to the limit.

JAMES REEVES

Europe in the Air

The Economics of European Air Transport. By STEPHEN WHEATCROFT. *Manchester.* 35*s.*

Civil airline operations are a complex of apparent contradictions. There seems the sharpest competition between national carriers; yet arrangements between them make I.A.T.A.—the International Air Transport Association—look like a super cartel. Undercutting with fares is sternly ruled out; yet wild competition crops up with food, wine, cigars, night-stop bags, give-away perfumes and (with some U.S. lines) even fancy hats. A passenger is charged extra and separately for transport to the airport—but may be offered a free meal in the air costing 10 per cent. of the fare. Lavish publicity persuades the passenger that a particular airline is best; but, on certain routes, all fares paid go into a common pool to be shared between apparently competing operators according to a predetermined formula.

In other words, relations between operators are an involved mixture of competition, restriction and co-operation. Sometimes these relations have been flexible and constructive. After the first flush of post-war rate fixing, the "normal" fares have been supplemented with tourist, off-peak, mid-week, seasonal, special event, and other "creative" fares—all aimed at promoting new traffic and spreading the old. (One of the operators' biggest problems is that of the peak period; European air traffic is 50 per cent. higher in the summer than the spring, and on some routes most of that increased traffic is concentrated in the week-end. And airplanes, unlike buses or trains, cannot cram passengers in the gangways.) All these varied tariffs are internationally discussed and agreed—as well as such things as the cabin service to go with them.

In *The Economics of European Air Transport* Mr. Stephen Wheatcroft sets out in completest detail how this regulated competition has worked over the European air routes. He examines present arrangements against the prime need of reducing costs, lowering fares and thereby developing civil aviation as quickly and soundly as possible. He emphasises that European costs are higher than over the U.S. domestic routes—on average as much as 62 per cent. higher on one computation. This very substantial difference in costs is related by Mr. Wheatcroft to the greater route mileage over which European airlines operate. Though the U.S. has nearly twice the road mileage, and 80 per cent. more rail mileage, their air route miles are only half those of Europe. (The definition of Europe is the area covered by the European Civil Aviation Conference—roughly Western Europe plus Turkey.) In the American land of robust free enterprise the Civil Aeronautics Board is extremely careful before it licences the operation of a new air route.

Mr. Wheatcroft wants a more rational licensing system for Europe. He seeks to develop air transport more intensively; to weed out the thin routes; and to channel traffic on to trunk routes operated by much larger aircraft manned by smaller crews. He opposes the idea put forward by, among others, Count Sforza, of one European Air Corporation and argues, conclusively as I think, that any economies would be more than wiped out by top-heavy administrative costs. On the other hand he favours functional co-operation, as exists between some countries for aircraft maintenance purposes and in the co-operative company jointly owned by thirty airlines for the provision of telecommunication and navigational aids. Moreover, he wants to carry the responsibility for European planning beyond that of the route pattern to the investment programmes of the individual operators. This considerable responsibility, it is suggested, should be vested in a European Air Transport Commission—an inter-governmental body with operators sending observers.

Undoubtedly Mr. Wheatcroft is pointing in the right direction and the trend is with him, too.

Penguins Come of Age

In twenty-one years Penguin Books have published over 2500 different titles, more than 1000 of them written or edited specially for the many Penguin, Pelican, and Puffin series

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The Observer

1935 1956

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

PRODUCTION AND SALES STILL MOUNTING

The 27th ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps, Ltd., was held on July 25 in London.

Mr. Fermian Le Neve-Foster, the chairman, in the course of his speech, said: It is again my privilege to present to you a satisfactory report of the year's results. The net profit of the Group after taxation is £276,593, against £214,138, a net increase of £62,455.

The directors have decided to recommend a final dividend of 25 per cent, plus a cash bonus of 5 per cent, making, with the interim dividend already paid, a total distribution of 37½ per cent. on the enlarged capital resulting from the share bonus last year, as against 32½ per cent. on the smaller capital last year. This is an effective increase of an additional 8 per cent. The directors consider that the time has come when, in view of the progressive results and our financial position, an advance in the cash dividend is well justified.

The price per packet was raised from the 1st May to 4d. per packet, but at the same time the content of the packet was increased by 15 per cent. by way of compensation; in other words, a price policy of "more for more." The increase in the price has been well received by both the trade and also by the public, and we can see no falling-off in sales.

The demand for our product continues unabated even with the larger production we can now supply to the market. The slogan "There are no Crisps like Smith's," however, still holds good, and I make no apologies for repeating it. The popularity of "Crisps" is remarkable and shows no sign of diminishing, and to the public "Crisps" usually means "Smith's Crisps." Quality is always the watchword of "Smith's," and this is well appreciated by our customers.

During the current year production and sales are still mounting in comparison with last year, and we are achieving figures which reflect the progressive policy of expansion which we have pursued for the last few years.

The report was adopted.

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The larger aircraft are coming along. Even in 1954 the Viscount was carrying over 20 per cent. of all European traffic; later developments will seat more passengers at a lower cost per mile, whilst B.E.A. have ordered the 93-115-seater Vanguard. As for smaller crews, however, it is not so much a matter of more radio aids on the Continent as justifying putting ever bigger work loads on the faster flying pilot. One other point is worth discussing. Is Europe, as defined by the I.A.T.A. Conference, the area which we should accept? A few longer routes through the curtain to Eastern Europe would certainly help B.E.A. to offset the high cost of dodging backwards and forwards to Brussels and Paris.

Of course, Mr. Wheatcroft's timely and stimulating study will be read by the commercial practitioner; but it should also command attention from all who accept that the sensible development of civil air transport offers a social and political, no less than commercial, opportunity.

FRANK BESWICK

Week-end Competition

No. 1,378

Set by Honest Abe

American cartoonists are helped by having the donkey and the elephant as traditional symbols of the Democratic and Republican Parties respectively. Competitors are invited to suggest similar zoological symbols for British political parties (Labour, Conservative, Liberal, Communist), with brief dictionary explanations (limit 50 words) as to how each came to be adopted. Two or more to be attempted. Entries by August 7.

Result of No. 1,375

Set by T. C. Worsley

A young man commissioned to write an article for the Bernard Shaw centenary got into touch with the great man himself through his local medium. Competitors are asked to report the first 150 words of the advice Shaw gave him on the subject.

Report

That this appeal would have caught the Great Man's interest there can surely be no disputing. There are three different kinds of bait. First he could hardly ever resist the temptation to give advice, although it might not be the sort of advice the asker hoped for. Then, the celebration of his centenary would have touched off his irony. And finally mediumistic communication was just the sort of thing about which he could be counted on for a view. Too few competitors took even a combination of two of these chances, much less all three, and this deprived the entries of the richness they might have had. In a better week I should have disqualified R. Gow for his last sentence. If Shaw was always irreverent, he was never unkind and couldn't conceivably have written it. But he could so conceivably have written the rest that I shut my eyes to the solecism and award this entry the first prize of three guineas. Runners-up were rather harder to sort! I was sorry to exclude L. G. Udall, Frank Dunnill and P. W. R. Foot. A guinea each to the others printed.

I hear that this avaricious middleman proposes to rob you of five good guineas for pretending to establish communication between us, when it was I who arranged the whole business. As you are getting only ten guineas for your article this abominable Mr. Sludge is charging you fifty per cent. This is monstrous. Offer him ten. If he won't take it, expose him.

In future you must do your own mediumistic work as I did: this dishonourable hocus-pocus of table-rapping, tambourines and trumpets is unnecessary. How else do you think I put myself in touch with Saint Joan, Caesar, Napoleon and the rest? Naturally I subscribed to the polite fiction that they spoke to me through my imagination, thus securing full copyright in their utterances, as you must now do with mine.

But you are far too stupid to write this article yourself; listen therefore while I dictate to you . . .

R. Gow

A centenary article? Why? What is so special about the number 100? If we happened to use a duodecimal notation instead of the decimal one derived from our fingers and thumbs, 100 would be very ordinary, and 144 presumably treated with absurd veneration. Why don't you wait 44 years? You will have less competition then, and I may be back in fashion.

Very well—if you must. But at least steer clear of pious eulogy, or I shall haunt you unmercifully. There is nothing new to be said about me, of course. My life, character, and ideas, my genius and influence, are all set out in my own shop window. But repetition will do—provided you write well enough. Write it with conviction, humour and wit, and your readers will forget they have read it all before. Spice the dish by exaggerating the details, but be sure to preserve the essential truth.

BARBARA SMOKER

You are a high-minded young man, and you want to make some money by writing an article about me. Then let me give you a warning. You probably think that the reading public wishes to know something about the greatest political philosopher since Plato. You are quite wrong. What the British public wants to read is something about a red-headed comedian whom it invented and knew as Bernard Shaw. It is quite true, of course, that I used to give my bitter political pills a generous coating of sugar. (After all, I was the greatest comic dramatist since Aristophanes.) But as Stalin recently said to me, "Since our departure the dogs appear to have returned to their vomit." So you had better concentrate on the coating rather than the pill. Better still, you might write an article about Mrs. Patrick Campbell—dragging me in, of course.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Before I offer you any further advice on the article you have been commissioned to write I must first know how much a word they are going to pay you. Unless the centenary of my birth happens to coincide with an especially revolting murder trial, the occasion will be seized upon by unscrupulous newspaper editors—who have neither read a line of my writings nor sat through an act of any one of my plays—to enrich their columns with a "space-filler" on Shaw. I will not be a party to letting them have it on the cheap.

The reward for an article on Shaw must be worthy of the subject. You must receive the appropriate rate of pay. I was against sweated labour when I was alive and I am not going to start sending messages from beyond the grave to be sold at cut prices.

J. P. MULLARKY

City Lights

Auntie on Improper Advances

The Governor of the Bank of England usually pops into the Treasury on Tuesdays for a quiet chat. This week he was escorted there by a glittering company of City elders, representatives of the clearing banks, the merchant banks, the Scottish and Irish banks, the British overseas banks, the foreign and American banks in London. Moving slowly up Whitehall, they may have had the look of a deputation from the hard-pressed burghers of London, bent on exhibiting the squeeze-marks on their necks and pleading (in a dignified way) for clemency. But the bankers were called, not calling: Mr. Macmillan was to address them on economic policy.

Bankers, one supposes from their own annual speeches, should listen to this kind of thing with pleasure for hours. In ordinary circumstances their enjoyment of the occasion might have matched Mr. Macmillan's. But nobody, they must have realised, talks to bankers for the fun of it; the Chancellor, uneasy conscience must have suggested, would be bringing up the subject of bank advances again. And so apparently, in his indirect English way, he did. Nothing at all

(according to the official communiqué issued to news editors), nothing of any importance (according to the official background story handed to lobby correspondents) went on at these discussions. But the Chancellor obviously made it clear that the restriction of bank credit remained an integral part of his economic policy.

The banks are flush of funds which their customers are anxious to borrow. The motor industry has pushed the progress of the financial squeeze out of the headlines, and the improvement in the balance of payments makes it more difficult for a bank manager to be tight-fisted in the national interest. Bank advances have been nosing their way forward since the beginning of the year, slowly and tentatively so far, but fast enough to make a Chancellor uneasy. And the temptation to lend will grow stronger in the months ahead. All the unpleasant talk about compulsory liquidity ratios and compulsory funding has died down; the cash resources of the banks will be increased further by the £160m which the government will have to pay out next month on the rump of the maturing War Bonds, and by any issues made to deal with the overdrafts of the nationalised industries. Mr. Macmillan is taking no risks and has no affection for 7 per cent. Bank Rates.

* * *

The Chancellor has been overhauling the Treasury as well as by-passing the Bank of England. This department is responsible for running the civil service as well as the economy; with the economy growing even faster than the civil service the job has become too much for one man to manage. From the autumn onwards there will be two Permanent Secretaries at the Treasury instead of one, a dyad of Spartan kings, one to administer, one to control economic policy.

It all seems very sensible from the outside. But the Treasury, which has so far taken fairly well to being gingered up, is not altogether happy about the choice of masters. One, the present Secretary to the Cabinet, has spent most of his time in the Home Office; the other, the present Ambassador to Washington, all his time in the Foreign Office. In the Treasury, this sort of thing bites deep. Sir Roger Makins, however, is said to be a popular man, besides having the confidence of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor. He, at the Treasury, and Sir Oliver Franks, at Lloyds Bank, should have fun discussing the role of monetary policy today and recalling their Davy Crockett days in Washington.

* * *

The Building Societies have moved up their rates again, to 3½ per cent. for deposits and 6 per cent. for new mortgages. The Association's latest recommendation has been expected for some time. Money is still flowing out, and a number of the smaller societies moved their rates up some time ago. The effect, too, has still to be felt of the new National Savings certificate which comes on sale at the beginning of next month. To anyone with idle money, paying the standard rate of tax or more, the terms of the new certificate will be extremely attractive; applications are certain to be heavy, and may help to give a brighter appearance to the small savings figures, which so far this year have been consistently dismal. Building society deposits may well be run down further as a result.

* * *

Mr. Mavroleon and Mr. Clore are still friends. A couple of weeks ago it was announced that two tanker orders placed with (Mr. Clore's) Furness Shipbuilding by (Mr. Mavroleon's) London and Overseas Freighters had been cancelled by mutual agreement. Orders for two precisely similar tankers have now been placed with Furness on behalf of London and Overseas Tankers, the company which Mr. Mavroleon recently formed in Bermuda. The point presumably is that the Treasury could have refused to allow control of vessels built for the British company to pass to the Bermudan.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 350. A Bright Idea

The tribute paid here to Sir George Thomas on his 75th birthday was welcomed by many readers and inspired Bruce Hayden to suggest a truly constructive idea. Considering (he says), that so many of Thomas's best efforts were off-hand and lightning games it would seem to be about time to produce a much overdue book on that great British master, so long as his own help might be enlisted in resuscitating many a little gem, otherwise forgotten. Here's one of them.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(13)	Kt-Q4!	Kt x Kt
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(14)	P x Kt	Kt-Kt4
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3	(15)	P-B3	B-B1
(4)	B-R4	Kt-B3	(16)	Kt-Q2	P-B3
(5)	O-O	Kt x P	(17)	P-KB4	Kt-K3
(6)	P-Q4	P-QKt4	(18)	P-B5	Kt-B2
(7)	B-Kt3	P-Q4	(19)	P-B6	P-Kt3
(8)	P x P	B-K3	(20)	Q-R6	Kt-K3
(9)	P-B3	B-QB4	(21)	B-B2	K-R1
(10)	Q-K2	B-KKt5	(22)	R-B5!	R-KKt1
(11)	B-K3	B x B	(23)	Q x RP ch!!	resigns
(12)	Q x B	O-O			

This was played in one of the Lud-Eagle lightning tournaments many years ago; it was never published, and "for having noted it and thus rescued a fragment of chess history" (to quote Bruce Hayden) he can certainly claim one of our customary chessbook-tokens. An equally well-deserved reward goes to C. Sansom who "could not bear the thought of Rungquist's beautiful study being spoiled." It was published on June 9—/4K2k/7r/5P2/6B1/R7/3p1p2/7p/8/—and readers will remember how the author's pretty stalemate solution (1) R-R1, P = Q. (2) R x Q, R x R. (3) P-B7, R-K8 ch. (4) B-K3!, R x B ch. (5) K-B8 seemed spoiled by White's (4) B-K7. Sansom "cured" the piece by adding Black pawns on a7 and d6 and by putting the White R on a6 and the White B on f4. But W. M. Hancock made the equally rewarding discovery that no cure was needed since (4) B-K7 can be countered by . . . R-KKt8. Here, finally, is an interesting correspondence game played by P. C. Wason (Black) against the Bulgarian master André Tanielian.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(15)	P-QKt3	P x P
(2)	P-QB4	P-QB3	(16)	P x P	O-O
(3)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(17)	P-K5!	B x Kt!
(4)	Kt-QB3	P-K3	(18)	P x B	Kt x P
(5)	P-K3	QKt-Q2	(19)	Q x Kt	B-Q5
(6)	B-Q3	P x P	(20)	Q-Kt3	QR-B1
(7)	B x P	P-QKt4	(21)	R-R2	B x Kt
(8)	B-Q3	P-QR3	(22)	B-K3	Q-B3
(9)	P-K4	P-B4	(23)	R-B1	KR-Q1
(10)	P-Q5!	P-B5	(24)	P-Kt4	Q-Q4
(11)	P x P	P x P	(25)	R x P	B-Kt7 (Q7!?)
(12)	B-B2	B-B4	(26)	R-Q1	Q-B5
(13)	O-O	Q-Kt3	(27)	R x R ch	R x R
(14)	Q-K2	B-Kt2	(28)	R-R7	Draw agreed

A: C. Schlechter

B: J. T. Steele 1956

C: E. Allan 1955

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position forced by White most brilliantly in a few moves. B, a 3-mover (6 ladder-points), and C (a win for 7 points) are as home made as they ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 7.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 347. Set July 7

A: Q x RP ch, followed by R-R3.

B: (1) R-KR8, B x R. (2) R-Kt7, B x R. (3) Kt-Kt3 mate if (1) . . . B-Q5; (2) R-Kt1 ch, B x R. (3) Kt-Kt3 mate.

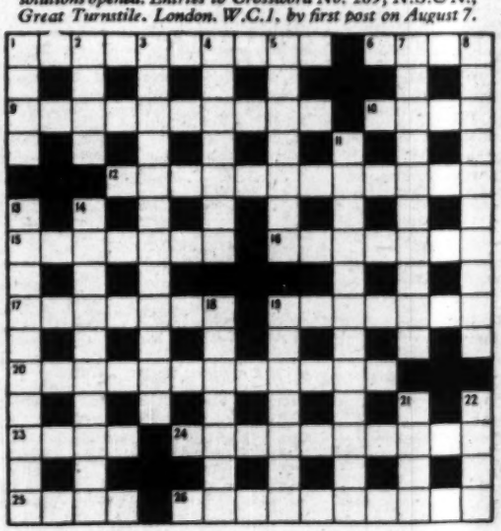
C: (1) P-Kt6, B x P. (2) K-Kt2, B x P. (3) K-B3, B-B5. (4) K-Q4, B-B8. (5) K-B5! B-QKt7. (6) K-Q6 (thr.: P-K5), BP x P. (7) K-B7, B-K4 ch. (8) K-B8, P x P. (9) P-Kt7! B x P. (10) B-K8, P-K4 ch. (11) K-B7 etc.
if (3) . . . B-Kt4; (4) P-K5, B-B5. (5) K-Q4 etc.
if (7) . . . P x P; (8) P-Kt7!, B x P. (9) B-K8, B-K4 ch. (10) K-B8 etc.

Many correct (or near-correct) solutions. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. M. Hollis, F. Jaeck, T. Simmonds.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 209

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 209, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on August 7.



ACROSS

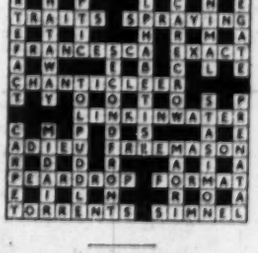
1. Hitler's opportunity came before the revolution was reversed (10).
6. Back legs cut (4).
9. Vegetables make part of the course difficult, by the sound of it (10).
10. Among you French the prince would be energetic (4).
12. It is sweet to flatter what comes from the north (12).
15. Scholar who is an artist among the Muses perhaps (7).
16. Publisher fed with teeth (7).
17. Excel in open-work (7).
19. Cleanest success in the end for the theatre (7).
20. Unprejudiced and potentially so Platonic about the doctor (12).
23. Island measure (4).
24. "In wit a man; —— a child" (Pope) (10).
25. Prate softly and be out of breath (4).
26. The Prince of Norway battled, by the sound of it, in ladies' underwear (10).

DOWN

1. Fags for a general (4).
2. The climax is an animal kiss (4).
3. Another is the result of desire about the beginning of the hot season (12).
4. Understatement — just a small one amid falsehoods (7).
5. Presented the out of form with a broken reed (7).
7. Among a variety of things the sea can provide unpleasant experiences (10).
8. Lamb's manuscripts? (10).
11. The foreigner to observe bird noises? (12).
13. Having an outlet, like a young lady making a pained noise? (10).
14. The owner dismisses, and these bags may be packed for the journey (10).
18. Condition of a cricketer with sixes followed by a duck (7).
19. Punish a favourite dog (7).
21. Something at the seaside more sanctimonious? (4).
22. One or more expressions of support (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 207



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 207

Alan Cash (Wednesbury), Louis Doyle (New York 24), G. A. Coulson (London, S.W.5).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications from British subjects for Sub-editors for (a) Home News, serving Sound and Television, and (b) External Services News, serving foreign and English-speaking audiences abroad. Good education and sound journalistic experience essential. For certain posts knowledge of one or more countries in Europe or elsewhere overseas an advantage. All posts involve day and night shifts. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1953 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA. Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the vacant post of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Economics. Salary range: Senior Lecturers, £A1,800—£A2,150 p.a.; Lecturers £A1,200—£A1,750 p.a. Commencing point within the range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Annual increments are £A70. Further particulars, conditions of appointment and the summary form which must accompany applications, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on August 31, 1956.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). The College Council proposes to establish a Department of Psychology within the College under the charge of a Senior Lecturer, who will be assisted by a Lecturer. Applications are therefore invited for these two positions. The salary scale for the Senior Lectureship will be £1,275 to £1,575 p.a. by annual increments of £50. In addition, an annual allowance of £100 will be paid to the Senior Lecturer as Head of the Department. The salary scale for the Lecturer will be £985 to £1,235 p.a. by annual increments of £50. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Duties to be assumed on February 1st, 1957, or as soon thereafter as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 15, 1956.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Government and Public Administration. Other things being equal, some preference will be given to applicants qualified to undertake teaching and research in administrative aspects of Government, but the appointment will not necessarily be made from applicants in this field. Salary will be in the range £A1,200×£A80—£A1,750 per annum, plus cost-of-living adjustment (£A34 men, £A26 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is August 27, 1956.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1956; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1956. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1956 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £925-£1,135 (men); £836-£1,015 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer, £365 (at age 18) to £805 (men), £715 (women). Starting pay up to £655 (men) or £627 (women) at 26 or over. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Further particulars, for which you are advised to make early application, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1 quoting No. S94-95/56.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, palaeobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology, foraminifera, mammalian taxonomy. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1956 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,135-£1,345; (women) £1,026-£1,240. Scientific Officers: (men) £605-£1,055; (women) £605-£962. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars, for which early application is advised, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies: Statisticians, Central African Statistical Office, Ministry of Finance. Applicants, under 35, must possess, or obtain this Summer, a First or Second Class Honours degree (or equivalent qualification) in Statistics, Mathematics, Economics or other appropriate subject. All applicants must have taken a University course in Statistics or have passed the examinations of an approved statistical society. Starting salary (men) £800—£1,100, depending on quals. and exp., on scale rising to £1,600; (women) £680—£840, depending on quals. and exp., on scale rising to £1,280 p.a. Senior posts, with salaries of up to £2,850, filled by internal promotion. N.B. As allowance can be made, in certain cases, for National Service in the assessment of commencing salaries, an Honours graduate without experience could start at £1,000 p.a. Application forms and further details from the Federal Public Services Attaché, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date August 18.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Geology, to work in the field of Economic Geology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,200 ×£A80—£A1,750 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £A1,800×£A70—£A2,150 per annum. In each case cost-of-living adjustment will be allowed (£A34 men, £A26 women). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 25, 1956.

ROYAL Commission on Historical Monuments (England): Investigator. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least one pensionable post. Age at least 22 and under 26 on August 1, 1956, with extension for Forces service, established civil service, and exceptional qualifications. Candidates should normally have, or obtain in the summer of 1956, a University degree in archæology, history or other appropriate subject, preferably with first or second class honours, or have special archæological experience. Some ability in architectural drawing an advantage. London salary scales, £539 rising to £973 (£898 for women, but being improved under equal pay scheme). Somewhat lower in provinces. Starting pay increased for approved post-graduate experience, and for compulsory Forces service. Good prospects of promotion. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 4613/56/7. Application forms should be returned by August 10, 1956.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in Political Theory and Institutions, to begin duties on January 1st, 1957. Salary scale £550×50—£650, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Applications (4 copies) should be sent to the Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by September 12, 1956.

CONFIDENTIAL Secretary to Chief Accountant of public company in North-east London required immediately. Experience of accountancy work an advantage. Write giving particulars of education and details of posts held. Box 6154.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Producer (Telefilms) in Glasgow. Duties include production of complete films, of sequences for outside broadcasts and "shorts" for insertion in magazine programme. Qualifications required: professional experience in direction and editing of films, ability to write scripts for wide variety of film subjects and to originate suggestions for film programmes, strong visual sense and wide knowledge of Scotland. Starting salary according to qualifications with a grade maximum of £1,600 p.a. Special terms may be offered for a short-term appointment. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "1954 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Languages (French); qualifications in 20th Century Literature will be an advantage. The salary scale for the position is from £985 to £1,235 per annum, by annual increments of £50. The successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1957, or as soon thereafter as possible. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 15, 1956.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires suitably qualified persons for engagement, as vacancies occur, as Child Welfare Officers. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision, after-care, and other field work associated with deprived children. Salary, £599 5s.—£775 10s. In addition applications are invited for a limited number of positions of Assistant Child Welfare Officers. Salary, £528 15s. (slightly less if under 24 years)—£669 15s. Applicants for this position should be academically qualified for social work but previous experience is not essential. Training will be given with prospects of promotion, to grade of child welfare officer. A panel of selected applicants for positions in both grades will be maintained, and vacancies offered when available. Full details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/1318), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. Please state grade applied for. Closing date July 31, 1956.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the staff of the Children's Officer. Salary APT.2, (£595×£20—£675.) The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including boarding-out in Leicester and the surrounding county, adoptions, preventive work and some court work. The appointment is subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts and to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date August 10, 1956.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for above appointment at the South Essex Child Guidance Clinic, Grays. Nationally negotiated rates of remuneration and conditions of service. Medical examination. Post superannuable. Application from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

WELFARE Officer required for Personnel Department of Engineering Company in West London. The post is suitable for a woman of 23/30 who has a Social Science Diploma or a degree and relevant experience. Duties include visiting sick employees and pensioners, some recruitment and help with general work of the Department. Commencing salary £500/£550. Apply, giving details of age and experience, to Box 6309.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant Matron at a new home for infirm aged, near Hindhead, Surrey. Excellent salary, conditions and amenities. Lovely home in own grounds. Special non-contributory pension scheme available. Applications with full particulars of qualifications and experience, together with copies of testimonials (if available) to be sent marked H.12 to The Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex Street, Bishopsgate, E.1.

LONDON Family Welfare Association have vacancies for junior case workers who are required to hold a degre or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University, who are aged 23 or over. Training given under supervision, during which a maintenance allowance is paid. Salary on appointment £435×£15 to £525 p.a. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1

FRENCH, Belgian or Swiss lady required as private secretary to Director. Must be competent shorthand-typist able to take dictation in French and English. Age 30-45 preferred. Good, permanent pensionable position; free luncheon vouchers. Apply in writing giving details of age and experience to Box ZJ.221, Deacon's Advertising, 36 Leadenhall St., E.C.3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Film Institute requires an editorial assistant in Publications Dept. Duties include work on Sight and Sound and other publications. An informed and enthusiastic interest in the cinema, writing ability, some knowledge of magazine production are important qualifications; professional journalistic experience not essential. Starting salary about £500 per annum. Apply in writing, stating age & qualifications, to Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

HOUSE Mother required to take charge of a cottage for 11 girls and boys in a group of four at Coopersale, near Epping, Essex. The salary scale is £370-£430 a year, according to experience, with an extra £15 a year if in possession of Home Office Certificate, less £113 for emoluments. Previous experience or training essential. Both remuneration and conditions governed by National Scheme. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SECRETARIAL/Statistical Assistant required to assist economist at Research Institute in Westminster. Interesting post; would suit graduate. Aptitude for figure work essential; shorthand an advantage. Salary up to £9 10s p.w. Good holidays; non-contributory pension scheme. Applics. to Box 6319.

WOMAN graduate, 28-36, wanted by London office of postal college. Shorthand-typing necessary. Part-time marking students' papers; also some secretarial work. Five-day week. Salary £12. State age, education and experience. Box 6292.

SENIOR Draughtsman wanted for makers of machine tools and sheet metal machines. Non-contributory insurance and pension scheme. Age, experience, salary, etc., to F. J. Edwards, Ltd., 359 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

EDITORIAL asst., under 30, for est. business monthly. Economics an advantage. Details of exp. and sal. level to Box 6270.

MANAGER (m.) reqd. for Youth Canteen. Elephant & Castle area. Ability handle sympathetically difficult adolescents desirable. Mainly evening work. £450 p.a. Write, stating qualifications, to Box 6356.

ACTRESS with scientist husband and three children (18, 14, 10) needs responsible, friendly woman to help run comfortable home near London. Daily help kept. Patience Collier, Rose Vale, Hoddesdon 2412.

FINE Art Publishers require Assistant for Dispatch Department. Box 6291.

LABOUR M.P. seeks highly qualified secretary for parliamentary and literary work. University degree an advantage though not essential. Box 6320.

EDUCATIONAL Commission requires Secretary/sh.-typist, 25-35, high speeds & gd. appearance essen. Commencing sal. £475. Lunch vouchers. No Sats. MAY. 2191.

BRITISH Film Institute requires a shorthand-typist in Editorial Dept. Good typing speeds essential; interest in cinema and in magazine production an asset. Apply in writing, stating age and qualifications, to the Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

FRENCH/English Shorthand-Typists required preferably with commercial experience, for permanent and temporary posts. Excellent salary and congenial conditions. Please give details of experience and indication of salary required to Roussel Laboratories, Ltd., telephone LADbroke 3608.

INTELLIGENT Shorthand-typist required for Fine Art Publishers. Salary according to experience. 'Phone for appointment Gerrard 4083, or write Box 6280.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required. Trade Union rate of pay. Interesting work. Apply by letter to Sec., London Labour Party, 158 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist (f.) reqd. by confectionery manufacturers. Must be good at figures. Gd. sal. for right pers. Kane Products, Ltd., 79 Leghorn Rd., N.W.10.

FIRST-class woman personal assistant shorthand typist to Head of rapidly expanding voluntary organisation (Knightsbridge). Pay according to qualifications. 9.30 to 5 p.m. No Saturdays. Please write fully to Box 6390.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for summer holiday relief work, 10-5, no Sats. Salary £8. Copy Typists £7. Full details Miss Topham, Duttons Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 7379.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2 (Next Strand Tube). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.), Typewriting; Duplicating. TRA. 9090.

SH/TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week. Hall Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly, W.1. GER. 1067.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by L.C.C. for full-time appointment to two schools for maladjusted children. Duties include visits to the schools, but will mainly involve visits to the children's homes in London. Candidates should hold Mental Health or P.S.W. Certificate. Whitley salary (£495—£750 plus London Weighting—£30 at age 26) and conditions apply. Further particulars and application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D. 1/1485), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by Monday, August 6, 1956.

SECRETARY, 25-30, with good speeds for respons. posn., magazine. £11 p.w. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

IRVING Theatre, Leicester Sq., reqs. typist full/part-time. Call betw. 5 & 7 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SWISS student (girl) would help with housework mornings and evenings against free board and lodging. Avail. fr. Sept. Mrs. Sigler's Domestic Agency, 7 Cecil Road, London, N.14. Tel. ENT. 4594.

GRADUATE politics/Mod. Hist. 30, sngl. Civil Sce. bkgrnd. French, types. Shs. absorbing (research type?) work. Box 6350.

GRADUATE (f.) English Hon. speaking fluently 6 languages, shs. empl. England or abroad. Anything considered. Box 6388.

FORMER German lawyer seeks suitable position. Box 6104.

INTELLIGENT, educated woman (not young) seeks congenial part-time work. Salary secondary importance. Box 6294.

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs, etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1.

FRENCH girl, aged 26, fluent Italian and English, seeks position in family. Pepin, 36 Canning Road, Croydon.

PERSONAL

NEEDED urgently: temporary caravan (residential) site, pref. private within reach London. Box 6397.

"THE Ox on the Roof," King's Road, Chelsea, will be closed from August 6. Re-opening, August 29.

FRENCH girl 22 offers help hse./childr. fr. Sept. 6/12 mths. Fair Engl. Mrs. Kohler, 26 rue de la Paix, Annecy, France.

FLORENCE. Modern flat to let August-Sept., sleep 5. Reas. rent. Box 6143.

COUNTRY-lover (f.) invited join elderly widow in delightful small home with all amenities on mountain side mid-Wales—35 acres own land; no family. References required. Box 6183.

FRANCE, Paris, Devon/Cornwall, Scotland or Ireland, August, Schoolmaster, 36, B.A., seeks company or join party, minimum expense. A.30 car in U.K. Box 6241.

MOTORIST will take one or two expense-sharing passengers in his modern Rover car through Austrian Tyrol-Vienna & back via Rhine Valley, 2nd half Aug. Box 6327.

COUPLE of limited means, ordered to leave present apartment because of impending birth of first child, urgently seek unfurnished, semi-furnished, or furnished self-contained apartment. West London or country preferred. Box 6328.

FORD Prefect, touring France August 25 3 weeks. 2 passengers incl. 1 co-driver needed. Box 6271.

2 Student friends reqd. approx. 7.30-12,30 dly. August (possibly before & after) to assist owner small hotel W.1. Share room. Food allowance & pocket money. WEL. 7400.

MUSWELL Hill. Large sing. well-furn. bed-sit. H. & C., ckng. facs. 50s. or much less return part-time care 2 attractive children. TUD. 7528.

WOMAN graduate (38) seeks holiday companions suggestions August/later. Pref. abroad. Sh. exps. Box 6348.

P.G. Cruising, Thames-Medway, 3 berths in 45ft Barge-yacht. Write "Dinah," Strandways, Windlesham, Surrey.

FRANCE: Annecy, Geneva, Riviera, 15-day camp tour Aug. 18. £30. Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Penzance.

STUDENT (m) shs. cheap air/car lift Lond. to Vienna or Prague; Sep. 1/2/3. Sug. also inv. as to return jny. mid-Sept. (Driver; langs.: Fr., Ger., Russ.). Box 6273.

JOIN Now. Institute of Contemporary Arts. Entrance fee suspended during Summer. Special terms for married couples. 17-18 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186/7.

TWO seats reqd. in car travelling Spain, Italy or Southern France, leaving Sept. 8/9, returning 22/23. Box 6203.

CANDIDATE for Part II Cambridge University Maths. Tripos, living in London area, seeks coaching from a graduate during vacation. 'Phone TER. 6124.

GERMAN student (male) desires hospitality English family Aug., Sept., Oct. German lessons/any work consid. in return. Mrs. Crome, 9 Wellmeadow Rd., S.E.13.

PERSONAL—continued

SUMMER holidays not yet arranged? We can offer you a few last-minute vacancies for week-ends or longer stays on our house parties by the sea in Sussex, Cornwall or Wales, on our Lakeside house party at Montreux, Switzerland (Dep. Aug. 12 & 26), also on some of our Austrian, Norwegian, Italian & Spanish arrangements throughout August & September. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

GIRL, aged 15, seeks holiday in England exch. 1 month Lausanne or au pair. Picot, Chemin Boisyd, Lausanne, (Suisse).

FILTHY lucre devalues, diamonds get lost but a portrait by John Vickers may be hoarded by loved-ones forever. 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. Victoria 4915.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

CHARM. B/S room. £1 p.w. plus 1 hr. help dly. & occas. babysitting. Musician welc. (piano avail.). SPE. 0363.

CHASE the sun—to Spain. August vacancies from 15 days £33. New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middlesex. Molesey 2105.

SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

COSTA Brava. Villas and flats to let. Fortnights possible. Details: Dr. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Oht). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 26H., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

TO Sorrento or Southend with Exclusive Holiday Wear from Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open 7 p.m. Thurs., 3 p.m. Sats. New 24-page catalogue sent on request.

EVEN if you don't want a photograph within the next few days, why not book your sitting now and avoid the last-minute rush? Fairer to you & Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7 KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Heywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

MANNEQUINS. Any girl contemplating a career in modelling will receive a frank (and free) assessment of her chances in an interview with Lucie Clayton. Brochure 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

EXP. Tailoring. Suits from £14 10s. S. Hirsh, 92 High St., Edgware. EDG. 2275.

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

RELAX in the sun with the Club Mediterranee of Paris at Barutti, Capresa, Capri, Elba and Palinuro. Underwater exploring, water ski-ing, dancing every evening—free. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street (entrance Wrights Lane), London, W.18. Tel. WEStern 1517.

MAY we pick your brain? Mensa requires people of very high intelligence who are willing to answer postal surveys for purposes of sociological research. Apply Secretary, Mensa, Flat 1, No. 6, The Paragon, S.E.3.

DYLAN Thomas. The famous Caedmon recordings together with a wide selection of other imported long-play records may be obtained from William Lennard Concerts, Ltd., 157 Notting Hill Gate, W.11. Stamp for list.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

MOTORIST (40) shs. companion (m.) tour Lakes, Sept. 8-16. Box 6366.

ITALIAN girl student, 23, seeking one month exchange with English girl preferably near London during August/September. Miss Argento, Via Montetini 11, Arezzo, Nr. Florence. Or call Mr. Franchi, GER. 5861.

THERE'S always something worth while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

BACHELOR, 40. Cult. interests. Some exp. teaching, shs. ev./wk-end activity London area. Voluntary/otherwise. Box 6353.

POTTER, baulked by purchase tax, urgently seeks suggestion/opportunity manufacture tax free clay product any kind, industrial component, etc. Box 6351.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

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MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

CONCERT and Lecture Agency for clubs, colleges, schools. Musical recitals. Lectures on literature, music, art, pottery, drama, underwater exploration, etc. Moderate fees. Details on request. Irene Forster Agcy., 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TER. 8566.

P. S. Harold Ingham, having comfortably exceeded this season the total of his 1955 Summer Schools bookings, has decided to rest on his oars and will not advertise again until he feels the urge to catch a few crabs for 1957.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

W.9. 2 unfurn. rms., use bath, & w.c. Own entrance. Owner going abroad. F. & F. £850. Suit prof. man/woman. Mod. rent. Box 6354.

DELIGHT, small cottage & studio wkshop., unique village E. Midlands. To let 1 yr. furn. Suit sgl./couple or exch. studio London.

FURNISHED three-bedroomed house. Telephone, garage. Preferably to one/two young professional ladies. Doctor owner requires one bedroom for own occasional use. £3 10s. p.w. Petts Wood, Kent. Box 6295.

SCHOOLMASTER requires unfurnished s/c flat, Enfield area. Box 6297.

L.S.E. Lecturer shs. unfurn. flat for about 3 years. Rent in advance. Box 6242.

TWO furnished houses Sept.-April equable climate, Dorset coast. Acc. 5. All mains. Suit writer. 4 & 5gns. Box 6358.

BRISTOL. Overseas C.S. shs. fur. flat nr. Clifton end Sept. to Jan. Box 6368.

STUDENTS: Married couple aged 23 & 30 req. small unfurn. accom. for final 2 yrs.; pay in advance &/or fittings, etc. Box 6384.

COUPLE soon to marry seek small unfurn. flat or share of house. Pref. central but anything consd. Box 6243.

AUTHOR (not rich) wishes to rent reasonably modern dwelling, anywhere in coastal or truly rural England or Wales. Minimum one year. Box 6338.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR Sale, genuine Georgian house, considered perfect example of its period; 10 rooms, garden, Rayburn. A little large for modern family but useful supplement income. Suitable small school, music college or consulting rooms. Central position. £2,750 or near offer for quick sale. Owner moving to training college. 105 High St., Hastings.

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SUMMER in London. Quiet, sunny Old—St. Pancras scholar's room, view on park, (£2 5s. weekly or near). Very simply furnished, use of bath-kitchen, phone. Friendly cat to feed and look after. To trustworthy person, from around Aug. 11th, through Sept., till return Oct. 1st.—R.G., 8 Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ring TERminus 5195, 7.30-9.30 a.m.

HOLLAND Park area. Large, sunny furn. b/s. Gas ring/fire, use bath, 'phone. Man preferred. Box 6230.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

S/C all elec. fully furn. lab-savng. flat, 7 mins. walk Kensington Gdns. C.h.w. Suit 2, Aug. 11-18, 9½gns. incl. Box 6078.

TO let in woman graduate's flat, large dble. div. rm. Heal fur., tel., frig. Highgate. Term-time only. 5gns. FIT. 1729.

LGE. furn. rm., Chelsea; share kit., bath, tel. £2 5s. p.w. incl. cleaning, light & heat. Man only. FLA. 9500 aft. 10 a.m.

SUNNY, very comf. divan bed-sit. Breakfast; meals optional; moderate terms; mod. ot. hse., 25 mins. W. End. GLA. 7297.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

PLEAS. rm. w. own kit. & bathrm. £5 incl. Hot water, light, htg. HAM. 8657.

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BEDRM. & sittingrm. to let. Well furn., own ckg. facs., bath, tel. HAM. 3032.

WESTMINSTER. Smallish bed-sit. rm. in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen, suit gentleman. 50s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel St., S.W.1.

FURNISHED flat near Swiss Cottage, newly decorated, self-contained, kitchen, bath, 2 bed-sits. £25 per month. PAD. 4270.

N.W.2. Comf. single room, h. & c., elec. fire, ckg. facs., linen. GLA. 3406.

LARGE rm. for sgl. wom., Hampstead Heath, facing S.W. Cnt. htg., basin (h. & c.), elec. ckr., use bath. Frnshd., redec., 3gns., or in exchange services. Box 6331.

LOVELY flat on Hampstead Heath, lr. grd. flr., 2 lge. rms., mod. k. & b., frig. cpltely. decorated, part frnshed., 5gns. or lower rent & some service. Box 6330.

PURBECK Coast. 2 gentlemen offer accom. mod. cott. on Downs o'lkg. sea. Seclusion. Downside, Worth Matravers (Dorset) 206.

AUGUST 13-25. Sleep four, 3 miles sea, Bexhill. Garage. 9gns. Ninfield 232.

CHARMING furnished bungalow 10 miles N. of Worthing. Vacant Aug. 18. All services. Box 6324.

FURN. 4-room house, fishing village, S.E. Ireland. Electric, etc. Reas. rent. To let Sept.-July. Box 6299.

1 or 2 rooms with use of house & garden in Dulwich to let for easy-going Summer vac. from Aug. 6. Reas. rent. GIP. 3194.

ANGLO-Burmese amateur pianist wants S/C bed-sitting room, preferably with piano. F.I.C., 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

WANTED, in/nr. London, fully furn. hse./flat to accommodate couple, nurse & 2 infants visiting London Sept.-Dec. Scrupulous care will be taken of furnishings. Box 5257.

COUPLE req. furn. accom. anywhere Lond. Bloomsbury/Hampstead pref. Box 6367.

YNG. grad. cple. (24) req. fur. flat (bed., lnge., kit., &/or use bath). Cent. Lond. nr. Early Sep. Max. 4gns. Box 6347.

SINGLE lady wants unfurnished flat in W.11, W.2, or W.8. districts. Willing to take floor of a house and install kitchen and bathroom at own expense. Box 6311.

PH.D and wife want 2-roomed flat, N.W. KILburn 0303 or Box 6276.

BACHELOR wants room for week-ends. Central London. No cooking required. Please state terms. Box 6318.

GRADUATE lady teacher (25) desires flat or bed-sitting room in North London convenient Edmonton & Town. Willing share flat Hampstead/Highgate area. Box 6275.

BOOKSELLER, graduate, male, 28, requires comfortable & inexpensive accommodation Bloomsbury. Box 6307.

BRADFORD, Yorks. Fur./unf. flat/rms. reqd. Sept. by bach. schlmaster. Box 6322.

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THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

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THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. (Co-ed., day and bdg.) based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialization. Nursery ages 3-6. Lower School 6-14. Upper School 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for young children within 5-mile radius.

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FOR Sale: Secondhand, good condition, most English works Wilhelm Reich plus few German; Encyclopædia Britannica, 1954. As new, £45 o.n.o.; Dutch linguaphone—complete undamaged set with instructions. Only first two records used. Nearest offer 10gns.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Trip to Bountiful." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45.

JOHN Gielgud Shakespeare Reading, with Julian Bream (lute), Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 6.30 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets 10s. 6d., obtainable from the Arts Council of Great Britain, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1.

NEW Lindsey, Notting H. Gate. BAY. 2512. Tu. to Sun. 8 p.m. Sat., Sun. 5 p.m. Hastings' "Don't Destroy Me" with Mankowitz' "The Mighty Hunter." Mems. 6s. 6d. Closing Aug. 12.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., July 28. The Thing From Another World (X). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Until July 29: Alec Guinness in Father Brown (U). From July 30: Hellzapoppin' (U).

2 New Soviet Films! "Twelfth Night" and "Bulganin & Khrushchev in Britain." 7.30, Tues., July 31, Scala Theatre, W.1. Tckts. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d.

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345. July 29, 6 days. Les Clandestines, French (X).

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., July 28, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Members 3s. Guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings

THE Baker St. Jive Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Skiffle & Jive. Skippering Skifflers. Sats. & Suns. 8ish-latish.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

BACH Commemorative Organ Recital by William Tubbs in the Church of St. Margaret, Lothbury. (At the rear of the Bank of England), on Sat., July 28 at 6 p.m.

SUNDAY, July 29. Wigmore Hall, W.1, at 3. Schumann Centenary Concert. 3s.-9s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until Aug. 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thur. 10-7, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three new painters, 11-6 daily.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. New Paintings by Georges Mathieu, incl. "The Battle of Hastings." Until Aug. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 6d.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Constantin Guys—Drawings from English and European Collections. Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of The National Art Collections Fund. Giacomo Guardi—Views of Venice. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30. Until July 31.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

MEMORIAL Exhibition. Paintings and Drawings by H. Davis Richter. Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. July 21-Sept. 1, 11-7 (Sats. 11-5). Adm. free.

GERMAN Books. Exhibition of the finest examples of book production in the G.D.R. July 2-Sept. 15. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart. Important Dutch, Flemish and English paintings, tapestries and furniture. 10 to 7 daily, including Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Open till Sept. 8, weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Summer Selection. Annual Mixed Show. July 21-Aug. 18.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, July 29, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Are the Gods Immortal?"

I.C.A. 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues. July 31, 8.15 p.m. Report on the Aspen Conference. Misha Back and F. H. K. Henrion. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wednesday, August 1, 7.30. "Prison & Some Alternatives." Hugh Klare, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method, Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

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THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships in Economics and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than September 1, 1956, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ST. PETER'S Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to Sept. 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

TOWARDS equality. Discuss Labour's policy at Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey, Aug. 18-25. Also Socialism and Human Relations, at Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex, Aug. 25-Sept. 1. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted for comfort and excellent food. All bedrooms h. & c. Tel. 2516.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

INTIMATE family "Letters by Mrs. Marx," written whilst Karl Marx was working on "Capital." Never before published in English. In the August "Labour Monthly." Also: "A New Atmosphere," by the Belgian Socialist veteran Camille Huysmans; "Breakers Ahead," R. Page Arnot; "Crisis in Motors," Peter Kerrigan; "Technical Education and the White Paper," Charles Harrington; "The New Socialism," Sancho Panza. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half yearly postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

PLANNING on Eve of Atomic Age. "The Past Reconsidered." "Critique of System." "Automation Problems," etc. Soviet Social Sciences Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 2. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.), from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

SOVIET Electronic Computer, by Acad. S. A. Lebedev. "Scientists' Salaries." "Shortcomings in Planning." "Radioactive Methods in Coal-Enrichment." Soviet Science Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 2. 1s. 6d. p. f. 1s 9d. S.C.R. 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

EYE & Brain. "Methods of Increasing Sensitivity of Visual Analyser," by L. A. Schwartz. Soviet Psychology Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 2. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

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